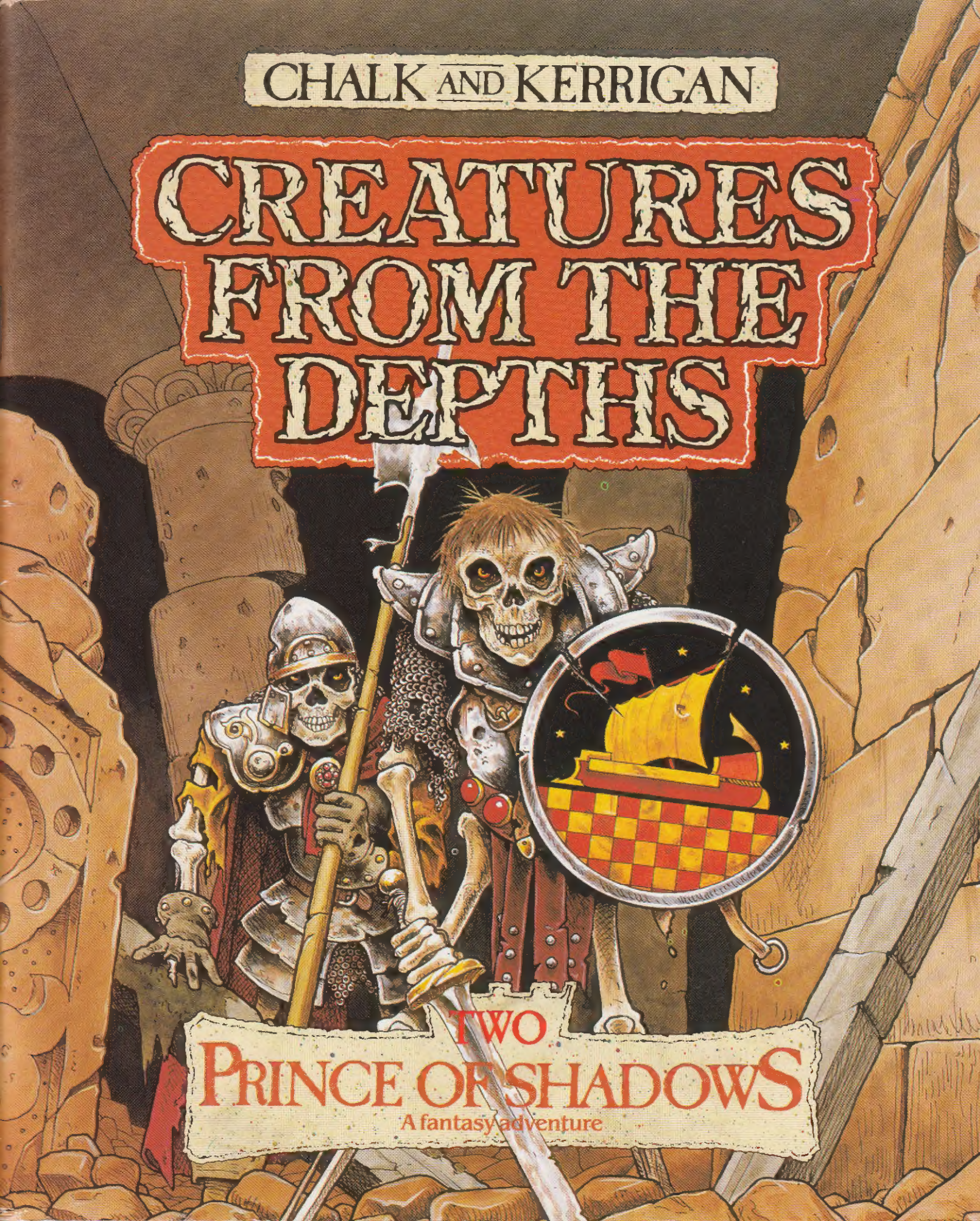
CHALK AND KERRIGAN
CREATURES FROM THE DEPTHS
TWO
PRINCE OF SHADOWS
A fantasy adventure

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TWO

PRINCE OF SHADOWS

A fantasy adventure

KNIGHT BOOKS
Hodder and Stoughton

ADVENTURE CHART

PRINCELY SKILLS

MONEY – BAG

WEAPONS: Dagger and 1 other maximum

STREET SKILLS

DISGUISE, Armour and Change of Clothing

HAVERSACK: 5 items maximum

HAND-HELD ITEMS

COMBAT

STRENGTH Starting Total: ☐

YOU	FOE	YOU	FOE

COMBAT VALUE CHART

WEAPON	VALUE
Bare Hands	2
Improvised Weapon	5
Dagger	7
Spear	8
Sword/Axe/Mace	9
Halberd/Double-Handed Sword or Axe	10

ARMOUR	VALUE
None	0
Leather	10
Mail	15
Mail and Plate	20

1	7	6	2	4	1	7	5	6	3
5	3	8	7	0	5	9	2	4	1
2	9	1	5	8	3	0	8	6	0
6	4	8	9	6	1	5	7	3	8
7	3	0	2	7	4	9	2	5	4
4	5	1	8	6	3	8	0	6	7
2	9	4	0	7	5	1	9	2	9
9	3	6	8	2	4	0	3	0	5
1	7	5	0	3	0	6	9	4	8
4	2	6	1	9	8	2	7	1	3

PREPARING THE PRINCE FOR ADVENTURE

For over a year you have been a prince in hiding. Putting aside the name of Edrix, you have been living as Dermik, an actor in the troupe of Master Melfi. The usurper Luko is hated by the people of Salos, your city, and employs brutal Gothmoi barbarians to keep the peace. His secret police, the Silent Watchers, are everywhere sniffing out dissent and resistance.

You have joined the Resistance fighters, to whom you have revealed your true identity, and already completed an important mission which has united the people of the City against the tyrant. At any time you could be called on to strike another blow for freedom, and you will need to be prepared . . .

Before you set out on this adventure, you must work out your Skills and Strength using the Table of Fortune at the front of the book. To pick out a number from the chart, shut your eyes and drop the point of a pencil or pen onto the page. The number in the same square as the end of your pencil is the number you have picked. With ordinary numbers, 0 counts as 10.

If you have already completed a Prince of Shadows adventure, you can use your original starting Strength, as recorded on your Adventure Chart, or you can start out afresh with a new Strength total.

If this is your first Prince of Shadows adventure, you must find out how physically fit and strong you are. To do this, pick out four numbers from the Table of Fortune and add them together. This will give you a number somewhere between 4 and 40. This is your Strength. If you have a Strength of less than 20, you are automatically awarded the extra points to bring it up to 20. Enter your Strength, which is now between 20 and 40, in the box marked STRENGTH on the ADVENTURE CHART at the front of the book. During your adventure you will probably lose some of your Strength Points through combat or accident. If your Strength comes down to zero, you have been killed and must return to the beginning of the book if you want to make another attempt to complete the adventure.

Soon you will be asked to pick out a percentage from the same table. You do this in much the same way: pick out two numbers and put them together, in the order they were picked, then put a percentage sign after them. So if you first pick a 2 and then a 7, you have 27%. When you are picking out a percentage, 0 counts as 0: so if the first number you pick is 0 and the second is 5, you have 05, which is 5%. If the first number you pick is 8 and the second is 0, then you have 80%. (Experienced roleplayers can use a ten-sided dice to generate both numbers and percentages, if they prefer.)

CHOOSING PRINCELY SKILLS

If you have already completed a Prince of Shadows adventure, you may only use the Princely Skills marked on your previous Adventure Chart.

If this is your first Prince of Shadows adventure, you should know that you were still in the middle of your education when the vile usurper perpetrated his awful deeds. As a result, not all the traditional princely skills were yet yours. These are the skills you can choose from:

Persuasion
This skill gives you a greater chance of winning a debate or argument, or getting people to do what you ask them. You have been trained in logic and public speaking, and can put forward your case clearly and convincingly.

Marksmanship
You have been trained in the use of all types of bow. This skill also helps you hit your target whether you use a bow or not – when you throw something, for example.

Fencing
As you have been trained to use all types of sword, your chances of successfully landing a blow on an opponent with such a weapon are increased if you have this skill. Every time you use a sword in combat, you can use this skill if you have it. Each time you use it, you add 25 to your Combat Total. See COMBAT on pages 6-7 for an example.

High Tongue
High Tongue is the ancient courtly language of your city. No longer in everyday use, it is found on inscriptions and artefacts of great antiquity. This skill allows you to read, write and speak High Tongue.

To find out how many Princely Skills you have learned, pick a percentage from the Table of Fortune and compare it with this table:

Percentage Result	Princely Skills
1-33	1
34-66	2
67-100	3

You can choose any skills you like, but you must not exceed the number allowed by your percentage result. All the Princely Skills will help you in your forthcoming adventure, so choose carefully! A good spread of skills is best. You will need to fight as well as solve problems, so do not concentrate on one area of expertise at the expense of another. You will be told during the adventure when and how you can use your skills.

Once you have chosen your Princely Skills, enter them in the PRINCELY SKILLS section of your ADVENTURE CHART.

CHOOSING STREET SKILLS

If you have already completed a Prince of Shadows adventure, you can only use the Street Skills originally marked on your previous Adventure Chart, plus the extra skill you chose when you successfully completed your mission. If you have not yet chosen this skill, you can pick one from any of the Street Skills you do not already have.

Since you chose to hide yourself among the inhabitants of the Lower City, you have of course learned some new skills to keep body and soul together. Some have been learned through careful observation of other members of the troupe of players, others from the denizens of taverns and the idlers of the waterfront. Some Street Skills are unusual, some are illegal and none has ever formed part of a prince's education before:

Thieving
Thieving allows you to steal successfully, and includes such things as picking a lock, shoplifting, or picking someone's pocket.

Tumbling
Tumbling will allow you to perform minor feats of acrobatics. This doesn't just mean that you will be better at turning cartwheels: you will be able to swing out of danger on a chandelier, or save yourself from injury in the event of a dangerous fall.

Disguise
This is a skill learned from other members of the acting profession. With it you can successfully imitate another person: your chance of mimicking a particular voice will be enhanced at any time, but you may need additional props to imitate someone's visual appearance.

Streetfighting
In the streets and alleys of the Lower City, there is only one rule to be obeyed if a fight breaks out: "Make sure you win." Any dirty trick is allowed and any handy object can become a weapon. Every time you use a dagger, bare hands or an improvised weapon in combat, you can use this skill unless the text says otherwise. Each time you use this skill, you add 25 to your Combat Total. See COMBAT on pages 6-7 for an example.

Gutter Speak
Gutter Speak is a version of your own tongue spoken by the poorest and most base of the city's inhabitants. A mixture of debased Persic and the sailor's slang of a dozen lands, it can be incomprehensible when it rolls off the tongue of the lowest of the low. This skill allows you to speak and understand Gutter Speak.

Orientation
The city's streets are like a warren, with innumerable alleys leading in all directions. This skill reduces your chance of becoming lost. It will not tell you exactly where you are, but it will improve your chance of steering in the right direction.

You can have a total of four skills if this is your first adventure including the Princely Skills you have already chosen. You can choose any Street Skills you wish to make up your total. Each one will help you in your forthcoming adventure, so once again make your choice with care.

When you have chosen your Street Skills, enter them in the STREET SKILLS section of your ADVENTURE CHART.

If you successfully complete this adventure, you can award yourself an extra Street Skill of your choice. This,

together with all your other skills, can be used in your next PRINCE OF SHADOWS mission!

WEAPONS, EQUIPMENT AND MONEY

You have a dagger in a plain leather sheath hanging from your belt at present. Enter it in the box marked WEAPONS on the ADVENTURE CHART. The dagger has a combat value of 7. Enter this after the word "Dagger" on your ADVENTURE CHART.

If during a previous Prince of Shadows adventure you gained a sword, this is now hanging on your belt along with your dagger. Enter it in the box marked WEAPONS on your ADVENTURE CHART. Any other type of weapon gained in the adventure you have sold. Pick a number from the Table of Fortune and mark this in the MONEY-BAG section of your ADVENTURE CHART as the number of silver Ships you gained in the sale.

You may be given the chance to acquire further weapons in the course of your adventures. If you decide to do so, note the name of the weapon and its combat value on your ADVENTURE CHART. You will find its combat value in the COMBAT VALUE CHART at the front of the book. You can only carry one weapon, in addition to your dagger, at any one time.

If at any time during your adventure you have the chance to take any armour, and decide to use it, enter the type of armour and its combat value in the DISGUISE, ARMOUR & CHANGE OF CLOTHING section of your ADVENTURE CHART.

You may be offered or discover various useful pieces of equipment as the adventure progresses. If you decide to take these with you, enter the name of the piece of equipment and any particular properties it has in the box marked HAVERSACK on your ADVENTURE CHART. However, you will not always be told what a particular item can do. Your haversack can only contain five articles at any one time. You can jettison or exchange articles from your haversack at any point during the adventure, unless you are engaged in combat at the time.

Equipment Example:
"He offers you a set of skeleton keys. If you have Thieving Skill, you can use them to pick any locks you encounter. If you decide to take them, mark them on your Adventure Chart."

If you took them, you would enter them in the HAVERSACK section like this: "Skeleton Keys, pick locks."

Any pieces of equipment gained in a previous Prince of Shadows adventure have been handed over to the Resistance for safe keeping and use in future missions. You start this adventure with an empty haversack.

In Salos, the smallest coin is the bronze Smeck, one of which will buy nothing – not even a smile from a beggar. Four or five Smecks might buy you an egg or an apple, depending on the time of the year and the state of the produce. A hundred Smecks are worth one silver Ship. A Ship gets its name from the vessel shown on the back of the coin and will buy a jug of good wine or a meal in a common eating house or tavern. A golden Royal is worth ten Ships. A Royal would feed a man comfortably for a week, with maybe a Ship and a couple of Smecks left over for some fun.

Master Melfi gives you your clothing and three meals a day, although these may not be very substantial if the troupe is suffering a shortage of bookings. All is well at present.

If you ended a previous Prince of Shadows Adventure with any money, enter the amount in the MONEY-BAG section of your new ADVENTURE CHART.

If you spend, lose or gain any money during this adventure, adjust the total in the MONEY-BAG section of your ADVENTURE CHART until it tallies with the new amount in your possession.

If you survive the perils awaiting you and successfully complete this adventure, any money, weapons or equipment you possess can be taken with you for use in the next PRINCE OF SHADOWS adventure you take part in.

COMBAT

While you are performing your daring deeds, the servants of the usurper will be doing their best to stop you. Many of them will be armed and dangerous, forcing you to engage in combat with them. Success in combat is decided by your strength, skill and, if you have one, a weapon. You can use only one weapon in the course of each combat. Sometimes your choice of weapon will be limited by your physical situation: the text will tell you

when this occurs. For example: "The passage is so narrow and low that you can use only a dagger, if you have one, or your bare hands to attack the guard."

When you reach a place in the adventure where you need to engage in a fight with someone, you can choose out of the weapons you have which one you will use: and if you have the skill that goes with it, you can use this too. This means you can use a sword if you have one: and with the sword, you can use Fencing Skill if you have it. Or you can use a dagger or improvised weapon, if you have either, with or without Streetfighting Skill. If you have no weapon at all you can still fight, and if you have Streetfighting Skill you can use it with your bare hands.

You will also be told your opponent's Strength and whether you or he will strike the first blow. The armour and weapons of your opponent will also be noted along with any skills he may have. Occasionally you will be told what weapons or skills you *cannot* use in that particular fight.

Combat Example:
"Standing by the gate is one of the usurper's barbarian guards, armed with a sword and wearing leather armour. He has Fencing Skill and 27 Strength Points.

> If you want to slip away down the passage before he sees you, turn to **103.**
>
> If you decide to attack him, he will strike the first blow. Should you survive the encounter, turn to **215."**

You are armed with a dagger and have Streetfighting Skill. You have no armour and 36 Strength Points. You decide to engage the barbarian in combat.

As the barbarian has the first blow, you work out his chance of injuring you first:

Write the following in the COMBAT box: The barbarian's Strength, the combat value of his sword (see the COMBAT VALUE CHART at the front of the book), the combat value of your armour (which in this case is 0) and the value of his Fencing Skill. Add together the barbarian's Strength, combat value and the value (25) of his Fencing Skill. Subtract from this the value of *your* armour. You now have the barbarian's chance of striking you: 27+9+25−0=61. This is the barbarian's Combat Total: he has a 61% chance of successfully landing a blow on you.

Pick out a percentage from the Table of Fortune, and if it is equal to or less than the barbarian's percentage Combat Total, then he has hit you. If it is greater than this, then his blow has missed.

In this case, 46% has been picked and, as it is below 61%, the barbarian's blow has struck you. As you have been wounded, your Strength will be reduced. Deduct the combat value of the barbarian's sword from your Strength and enter the new total in your STRENGTH box. Your new lower Strength is 27 (36−9=27).

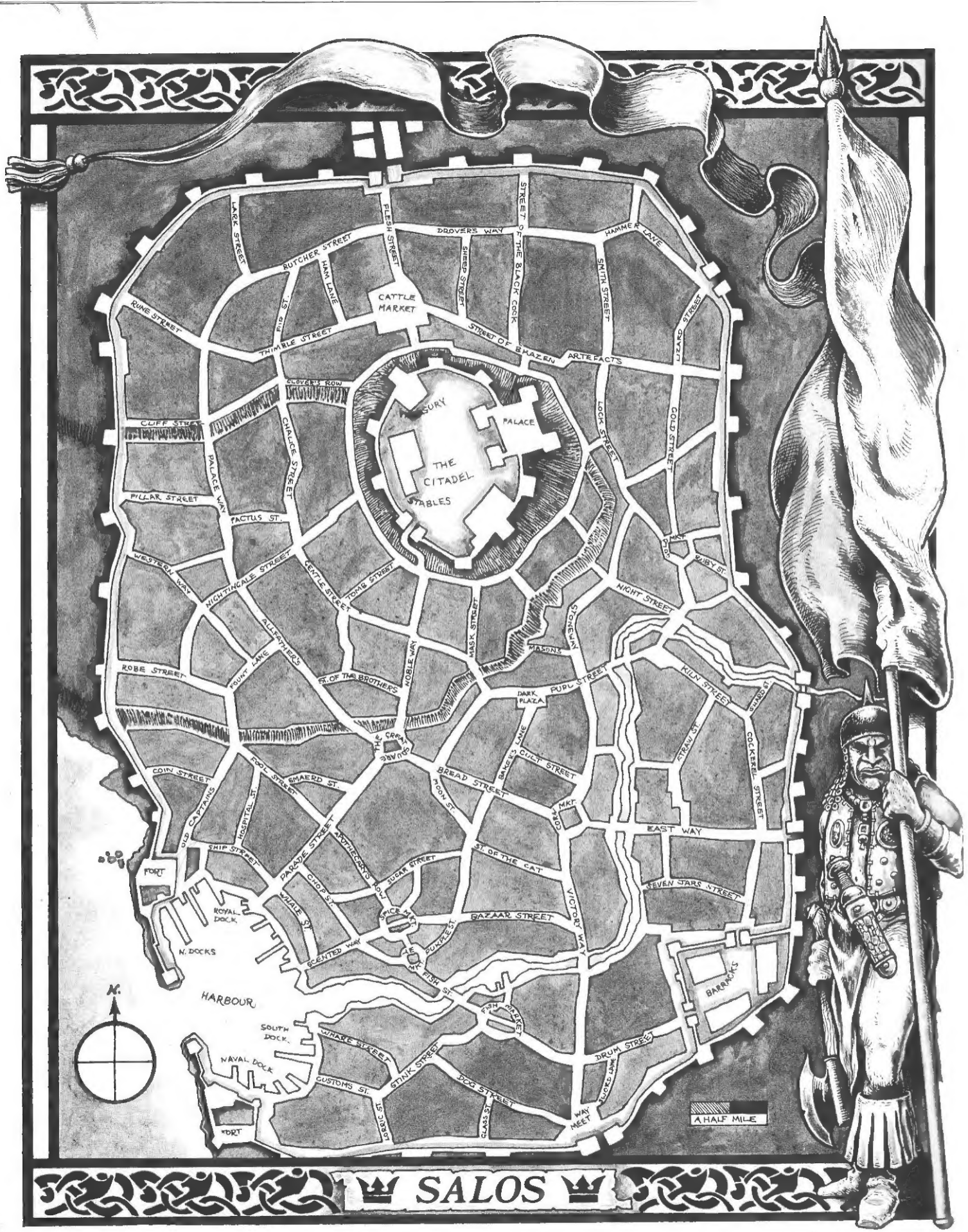
Now it is your turn to strike a blow at the barbarian, using the same method as he did to strike at you:

Enter the following in the COMBAT box: your Strength (at its new reduced level), the combat value of your dagger and the value of your Streetfighting Skill. Subtract the value of the barbarian's armour and you have your chance of striking him: 27+7+25−10=49. This is your Combat Total.

Now pick out a percentage. Suppose you score 78%: as it is greater than your Combat Total of 49%, it means that you have missed him. If you had scored a hit on him, you would have deducted the combat value of your dagger from his Strength and made a note of his reduced total in the COMBAT box being used for the current duel.

When both sides have tried to land a blow on each other, then a round of combat has passed. After each round, you have the chance to flee from the combat unless you are told otherwise. If you decide to flee, the person you are fighting tries to land another blow on you before you run. Calculate his percentage chance of success and, if he manages to strike you, deduct the damage done to your Strength and enter the reduced total in the STRENGTH section of your ADVENTURE CHART. You have no right of reply to such a blow as you are too busy fleeing to defend yourself. If you decide to flee from a combat, turn to the numbered passage indicated after the words "if you survive". In the example shown above, you would turn to **215.**

If at any time your Strength is reduced to zero, you have been killed and must return to the beginning of the book if you want to try and complete the adventure again. When an adversary's Strength has been reduced to zero, you have slain him and can turn to the numbered passage indicated: in this example, **215.**



LARK STREET
FLESH STREET
DROVERS WAY
STREET OF THE BLACK COCK
HAMMER LANE
BUTCHER STREET
HAM LANE
SHEEP STREET
SMITH STREET
CATTLE MARKET
RUNE STREET
FIG ST.
THIMBLE STREET
STREET OF BRAZEN ARTEFACTS
LIZARD STREET
CLOVER'S ROW
CLIFF STREET
CHALICE STREET
PALACE
LOCK STREET
GOLD STREET
THE CITADEL
STABLES
PALACE WAY
PILLAR STREET
FACTUS ST.
WESTERN WAY
NIGHTINGALE STREET
GENTLE STREET
TOMB STREET
RUBY ST.
NIGHT STREET
ALLFATHER'S
MASK STREET
STONEWAY
MASONS
ROBE STREET
FOUNT LANE
ST. OF THE BROTHERS
NOBLE WAY
PURL STREET
KILN STREET
DARK PLAZA
SHARD ST.
THE GREAT SQUARE
BAKER'S LANE
CULT STREET
STRAW ST.
COCKEREL STREET
COIN STREET
FOOL STREET
SMAERD ST.
BREAD STREET
MOON ST.
CORAL MKT.
OLD CAPTAINS
HOSPITAL ST.
EAST WAY
SHIP STREET
PARADE STREET
APOTHECARY'S ROW
ST. OF THE CAT
FORT
SUGAR STREET
CHOP ST.
SEVEN JARS STREET
ROYAL DOCK
WHALE ST.
SPICE MKT.
BAZAAR STREET
VICTORY WAY
N. DOCKS
SCENTED WAY
PURPLE ST.
FISH ST.
BARRACKS
N.
HARBOUR
FISH MARKET
SOUTH DOCK
WHARF STREET
DRUM STREET
NAVAL DOCK
STINK STREET
CUSTOMS ST.
DOG STREET
SWORD LANE
LORRIC ST.
GLASS ST.
WAY MEET
FORT
A HALF MILE
SALOS

1

The clatter of armour behind you makes you spin round in time to see a fearsome warrior advancing out of the shadows, double-handed sword raised high in the air. The great blade begins its downward stroke towards your head, but you side-step the awesome blow, draw your own sword and thrust it with all your might at the only chink you can spy in his armour – between thigh and hip.

A mighty groan rends the air and your foe crashes to the floor. You move in to deal him the death blow, but a second warrior calls from behind: "Die, you cur!" to the wild cheers of his many supporters. You spin round once more, and against the light you see the black outline of your arch-enemy Morgurt, bearing down on you with spear at the ready.

You give ground, parrying his first spear-thrust, then the next, but now your back feels the stone wall and you shuffle along it, eyes fixed on the point of his spear, your free hand searching feverishly for the doorway. You find it too late: roars of applause come from Morgurt's followers as they see the spearhead sink into your chest, then reappear out of your back. Only your foe's great strength is holding you up now: as he twists out his spear you tumble face-first to the floor, and a pool of red oozes out from under you.

"Die! Die! Die!" chants the crowd deliriously.

"Up you get!" calls a voice close by, while your two enemies grab an arm each and lift you to your feet. "You died very nicely tonight, Dermik!" Master Melfi calls across as you all line up to take the curtain call.

"Dead easy!" you call back with a smile, and gaze out over the oil-lamps at the ruddy faces in the crowd, all forgetting their goblets for a moment to cheer the play, or boo you, or both. But the smile vanishes when your eyes alight on one face that is perfectly still, and staring straight back at you.

It is Hannuk, the Resistance leader, you say to yourself. They must be ready to move again! A flicker of his eyes in the direction of a side door tells you he wants to see you after the show.

Backstage, you hurriedly get out of your costume, and have just put your dagger back on your belt (and sword if you have one) when Melfi shouts cheerily: "Who's coming down to the Snake and Charmer for a celebratory drink on me? I can pay some of you tonight!"

You quickly check your money-bag: just 1 Ship, 60 Smecks left. (Make sure you mark this, alongside any money from the sale of a weapon in the previous adventure, on your Adventure Chart.)

Do you stick close to Master Melfi as he sets off for the tavern? If so, turn to **75.**

Do you hurry off first to meet Hannuk? If so, turn to **144.**

2

Head pounding and lungs aching, you sense you are being steered upwards, and there is a hint of daylight shafting down through the water ahead.

Suddenly your heads break the surface and, gasping for breath, you look around you. Sebbra has made it too: and close by is the rocky shore outside the walls of Salos.

You both stagger onto the nearest rock, gasping and retching. As you gain your breath, you turn to the creatures – they have vanished, leaving your weapons and haversack on the rock beside you.

The sun is setting, and a bank of dark cloud is brooding over the sea. Then you spot some men skulking in the cover of some rocks along the shore, and are about to hide when you recognise one of them: "By the gods, that's Hannuk!" you shout, and the two of you jump up, gather your things, and race along the shore towards him.

Turn to **88.**

3

Time for the signal: cupping your mouth in your hands, you turn in the direction of your comrades and call rowdily, "T'the tavver, boysh!"

Out of the shadows across the quay a string of dark figures comes gliding towards you, bent double.

"Where's Swig Snatterli?" whispers someone when they reach you.

"At the bottom of the harbour – he brought it on himself. Now, there seems to be no one on deck, so let's get on with it!"

You all steal up the gangplank, and emerge on the deck unchallenged. "To the stern," you say softly, and soon you are all safely crouching by a hatch on the poop deck. Just as Hannuk is about to try it, footsteps resound on the deck below, and you all freeze . . .

"You down there! . . . Is Ortus back yet?"

You prepare to throw your voice and mimic the sentry, but the voice calls again:

"Everyone to their stations! The sentry is slain!"

Suddenly the deck below is alive with troopers, and

through the hatch comes the sound of pounding footsteps.

"Quick! Stand on the hatch!" you urge to buy time, and four big men pin it down with their weight. But now the massed troopers on deck have spotted you. Pitting your weapons against them would be futile:

Do you jump overboard into the harbour? If so, turn to **148.**

Do you try to slide down a mooring rope to the quayside? If so, turn to **207.**

4

Digging the keys out of your haversack, you start trying them, but none opens the door. Each of you casts a desperate look at the other, when suddenly the silence is shattered by a shout close by:

"Another hole, sir!"

"Bring up that ladder, then!"

If you have Thieving Skill, turn to **74.**

If you have a dull red stone in your haversack, turn to **154.**

Otherwise, turn to **202.**

5

You look round, but you cannot see the troopers for the backs of your comrades. So the troopers cannot see you! You sprint for the steps, tumble down them and try the door just as a shadow falls on it. You spin round, but there is no one. The door opens: you jump in, shut it, and lean against it, gasping.

Your hands find a bolt: you slide it shut, then step silently on through a gloomy vestibule towards an archway which opens onto a large, stone hall. You creep towards the arch, and catch your breath as your bare feet step on something cold as ice: a metal trapdoor, and inscribed on it, barely visible from the tread of centuries of footsteps, strange and ancient characters.

If you have High Tongue, turn to **126.**

If not, turn to **40.**

6

The three creatures rush you as you level your weapon at them. Despite your fierce resistance, you lie dying on the walkway before even landing a blow. A final shove with a foot sends you to the bottom of the sewer.

7

You hurry to the ladder: "I'll go first," you say, and haul yourself up, looking down to make sure the princess is following. At last you reach the top, push the grill ajar and look out. Nothing but gravestones. You heave yourself out and, as you turn to help the princess, Gothmoi spring out from behind the tombs all around you.

No sooner is the princess out than they attack, push you back to the shaft, then hurl you down.

"Let's leave him to the rats," says one of the sewermen when they have untied the gag, and made sure there is no life in your body.

8

You reach the cord before the man can raise his sword, and cut through it in one blow. As he lunges, the candelabrum crashes down on him, knocking him senseless to the floor.

You can now take his sword if you want to – remembering to mark it on your Adventure Chart, and to keep within your weapons limit.

Turn to **50.**

9

"Get back here, you numbskull!" raps his officer as the guard gets to his feet. "And as for you lot, get off the water by dawn, or we'll send you to the bottom!"

You all heave a sigh of relief as the cutter turns back towards the harbour, and you head farther out to sea.

Turn to **190.**

10

There is an iron ring sunk into the parapet near you. You tie one end of the rope to the ring, throw the rest over the wall, and peer over. It almost reaches the ground below.

"Never done this before," says Sebbra unsurely. "It's not my usual way of leaving forts and castles."

"Don't worry," you say. "If you can just hang on to me, you'll make it – but I've got to go first . . ."

You climb the parapet, grab the rope, swing your legs over, and with a neat shuffle of your feet, coil the rope round them.

"Hold the rope with both hands, climb over, and slip down till you can wrap your legs round my middle. Then throw your arms round my neck!"

Sebbra manages it with ease, and you both climb down the rope foot by foot, until you reach the end – but not the ground.

"Any ideas?" you ask, but your minds are soon made up when Gothmoi above start hauling the rope up again.

"Here we go!" you shout as you both jump . . . and land without too much damage on a pile of seaweed. You get up and run as fast as your legs will carry you along the shore, a setting sun in front of you, and storm clouds gathering over the sea.

Your heart leaps into your mouth when some men stand up from behind a rock in front of you and . . . leaps for joy when you see it is Hannuk and the others – or some of them, at least.

Turn to **88.**

11

You all thread your way down steep, cobbled streets to the docks, but before you reach the quayside you send a solitary scout ahead to find out where the great galley is. He is soon back: "Just round the corner," he whispers in the dark, "and very few hands on deck, as far as I can see. Just a couple of sentries at the bottom of the gangplank – one with a spear, I think."

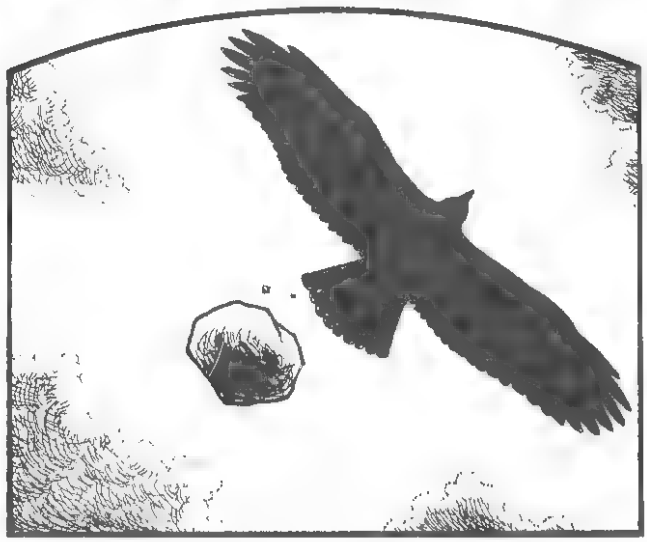
If you are wearing the armour and spiked helmets of Gothmoi guards, turn to **78.**

Otherwise, turn to **106.**

12

Your hands search frantically in the bottom of the boat for the crossbow and quiver. They find them. You load, rest the bow on the boat's edge, then shoot blind. You hear a dull thud: the bolt must have lodged in the Gothmoi boat. A blast of heat hits you, and you duck your head behind the side of the boat as you raise your aim and shoot again. Nothing. Again, and a Gothmoi scream pierces the air.

"To the left!" comes Sebbra's voice. You shoot again and again, feeling blast after blast of heat, until another Gothmoi screams.



"You've done it!" shouts Sebbra. "Just keep your heads down!"

It seems as if minutes pass before your sight slowly returns. You peer over the edge of the boat to see the bearded man trying desperately to manoeuvre the boat with one oar, while a giant vulture in the sky above, with a large rock between its talons, beats its way over the waves towards the Gothmoi boat, then drops its load. The boat's prow rears out of the water and it capsizes, tossing all three men into the sea.

"To the oars!" shouts Hannuk, whose sight is also returning. You row over to Sebbra and Dax, who tumble into the boat, then head for the other rock.

Turn to **56.**

13

Weaving and twisting between a mass of bones in perpetual motion, you get to the entrance, jump over the magician's body, and find the workmen's ladder. A quick look down the passage reveals nothing else of use – just the blank wall of earth where the passage ends.

If you want to roll the magician's body over before moving on, turn to **97.**

If not, turn to **134.**

14

In the time it takes them to turn, your hand has slipped into a pocket and out again, without them knowing. They wander off, and after a while you think you hear faint sniggering, but you find at least you are now the

owner of a set of keys. (Mark them on your Adventure Chart.)

Turn to **77.**

15

"No hard feelings," you say. And as they head towards the shaft, you turn to the spring for a thorough wash down.

"How do I look?" you say, turning to the princess. But a sword cuts the rope as you turn, and a dagger sinks into your back. You slump dead into the water, never knowing who was your killer.

16

Ever so slowly, your blade edges towards the rope, then with a sudden change of speed you sever it with one mighty blow. It hurtles to the ground, crushing the two spearmen.

If you have a crossbow *and* bolt, and want to use them now, turn to **204.**

Otherwise, turn to **43.**

17

"Nar, nar . . . cabbi da. Shurrass dissla futta nie?"

"Wigatta, orri mugrishi sit undidi nuss. Lessgi tilli winimmor min."

"What's that?" asks the princess.

"Gutter Speak," you reply in a whisper.

If you have Gutter Speak, turn to **32.**

If not, turn to **141.**

18

Leaving one of their number behind to hold Sebbra, the others draw their swords and advance on you.

If you want to engage in combat with them using the crossbow, turn to **72.**

If want to fight them with another weapon you carry, turn to **6.**

If you decide to show them the power of the crossbow in the hope of avoiding bloodshed, turn to **103.**

19

"He's found the weapons," you whisper to Hannuk as the guard makes towards the bow. You follow him. Then, as he leaps, you grab the grappling halberd close to its fearsome head and wrench with all your might. It comes free in your hands, and you use it to push off from the cutter as the rest of the men pull weapons out from under the nets.

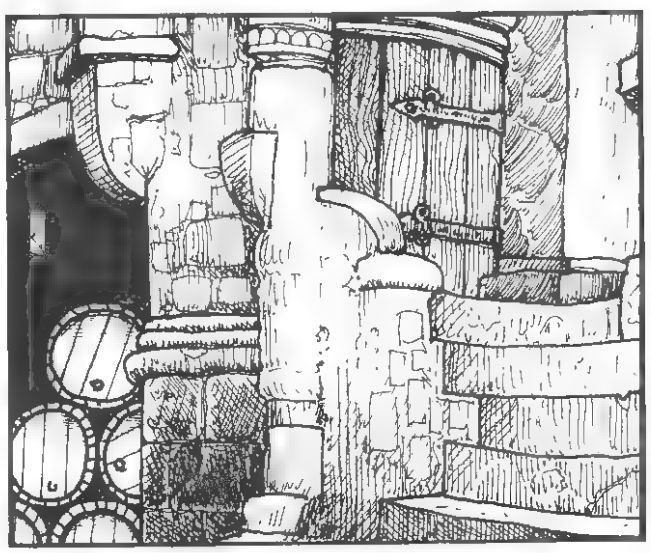
Your eyes quickly scan the cutter as the Gothmoi make ready to attack: mercifully there are no archers. But soon the cutter is alongside again: Gothmoi are thrusting their spears at you all, while Resistance men hack at the spears with their swords. Opposite you is a barbarian brandishing a double-handed sword, and in leather armour. He has 20 Strength Points, but no special skills, and strikes the first blow at you.

There is no choice but to fight him for two rounds of combat. You can strike the first blow, wielding the halberd if you wish: but if you want to grab a sword from under the nets first, then your opponent strikes the first blow.

Should you still be alive after two rounds, mark your new weapon on your Adventure Chart, and turn to **73.**

20

"It's too risky going back to the harbour," says Hannuk. "Let's go ashore somewhere quiet."



You all row to a rocky cove out of sight of the harbour forts, and jump ashore. "Over there!" calls Hannuk, and you drag the boat onto the beach and deep into a small cave.

"It'll be safe here," says Hannuk, lashing the oars securely to their rowlocks. "The entrance is under water except at low tide."

Gathering your weaponry, you head off along a rocky path to the City and, looking every bit like a Gothmoi patrol, wend your way through deserted streets. You arrive unchallenged at the Galley Becalmed, the only remaining hiding place for the Resistance, and creep into the cellar.

Turn to **140.**

21

"That's clear enough," says Hannuk. "We'll be snatching the princess in the Temple of the Sea Goddess itself."

If you are unhappy with the decision, and have Persuasion Skill, you can talk the Resistance men into adopting either of the other two plans. Otherwise, you have to accept their verdict.

Make a note of the plan you will all be following, and turn to **178.**

22

A fearful wailing and lamenting chills the morning air when you turn the bend. The lane joins another ahead and, as you watch, a coffin lumbers past, borne by six figures. Judging by their pale and gaunt faces, half-hidden by black cowls, they look as if they have only just risen from their own coffins.

The coffin has passed by the time you reach the corner – but the funeral procession has not. You look up the lane, and see a river of sailors, their wives and children, packing it solid as far as the eye can see.

"Let's join it!" you say to the others, and are about to mingle with the mourners when two tall, corpse-like undertakers discreetly bar your path.

"You'll be good enough to wait – your turn will come soon enough," says one of them in a tone that sounds prophetic.

"But we want to join the procession!"

"And your floral tribute?" he asks, staring pointedly at your empty hands – and the rope.

"Oh, er, of course . . . we must have left all the flowers behind . . ."

"A donation will be acceptable," intones the other undertaker, ". . . a generous one, in the circumstances."

You turn to your comrades, who fumble in their money-bags, casting nervous glances over their shoulders, and come up with 8 Ships.

You hand over the money, but the undertaker shakes his head: "A poor tribute to a seafarer and independent trader of such great renown. Another two Ships at least, for decency's sake . . ."

If you have the money, and decide to pay it, mark it off on your Adventure Chart and turn to **198.**

Otherwise, turn to **94.**

23

"What's under the wool?" you ask a smuggler who, after a few moments of wrestling with his professional conscience, says:

"Kegs of brandy."

"Good. Let's get them into those two passageways back there."

Everyone helps unload the kegs, rolling them down the alley and into the passages.

"Leave the carts where they are. Now, who's good at jumping?" Two of the smaller men come forward.

"You're the rabbits. Go up the alley, make sure the Gothmoi see you, then run back here as fast as you can . . . and jump over the first cart. You'll be safe then.

"Now the rest of us get behind the kegs, and when I give the word, roll them under the horses. Then it's everyone for himself."

You take up your station in the passage nearest the Gothmoi, and the rabbits run off with little enthusiasm towards the sound of hooves . . .

They are very soon back again, racing past you splendidly now. You peer round the corner: it looks like six horsemen. One canters past . . . two . . . three. "Roll!" you scream. Kegs slide, bump and roll under the horses' hooves, the Gothmoi tumble to the ground, and before they know what has happened you are all pouncing on them.

A dazed guard gets to his feet in front of you, arrow in hand, looking around for his bow. "It's over there!" you shout, pointing behind him, and he turns his head. Trusting sort of people really, you think, as you grab his arrow and stick it in him.

Six Gothmoi soon lie dead amongst the brandy kegs, their horses escaping back along the alley.

You let the smugglers pass with their carts, and decide against taking a trampled bow and quiver. But you and the others can take the spiked helmets and leather armour of the Gothmoi guards if you want to.

Mark these on your Adventure Chart, if you take them, and 6 Strength Points you have lost in the skirmish before turning to **101.**

24

If you want to take the stone, mark it on your Adventure Chart, keeping within the limit of five items in your haversack.

Turn to **134.**

25

Their mouths open wider when their eyes come to rest on your face. They back away, then they look at your comrades and step forward, raising their weapons, then they back away again, while everyone else is thinking the same question – one the people of Salos have been asking for over a year – just how stupid is a Gothmoi guard?

This could go on for ever, you decide, and swing your weapon at the nearest barbarian on his next forward shuffle. The other Resistance men join in, and soon leave the guards motionless on the ground.

Turn to **179.**

26

Just as you are about to call to her, she starts to pray aloud to the Goddess of the Sea:

"Oh Goddess of the Depths, my thanks for delivering me safely to this shore. Would that you could deliver me also from the hands of King Luko . . ."

"Your prayer is already answered," you whisper from behind the archway, rather pleased with the timing. The princess gasps in astonishment. "I'm here to get you away," you go on, "but a word of warning – I went very heavy on the make-up to get in, so I'm not a pretty sight!"

You stick your hands out beyond the archway, and hear another gasp. Then you peel a few pieces of skin off: "See? It'll all come off in the wash!"

You step out, and not a moment too soon: you can hear the Companions clanking their way back.

If you want to go back to the vestibule, turn to **104.**

Do you try getting past the Companions and through the front entrance? If so, turn to **174.**

If you decide to take a side archway to the left, turn to **81.**

27

"Anyone know what it's like inside the Temple?" asks Hannuk. All faces look blank. "What about you, Edrix?"

"Well, I was in there a couple of times as a youngster – to give thanks after a voyage, oddly enough – but I can hardly remember anything at all . . ."

"We'd better scout it from the outside at least," says Hannuk. "You bed down, Edrix – you'll clearly be one of those going in tomorrow, and you'll need all the sleep you can get."

He sends two men off to the Temple, and you take some old hop-sacks from a pile and spread them on the floor. You stretch out on them, and fall instantly asleep . . .

Turn to **80.**

28

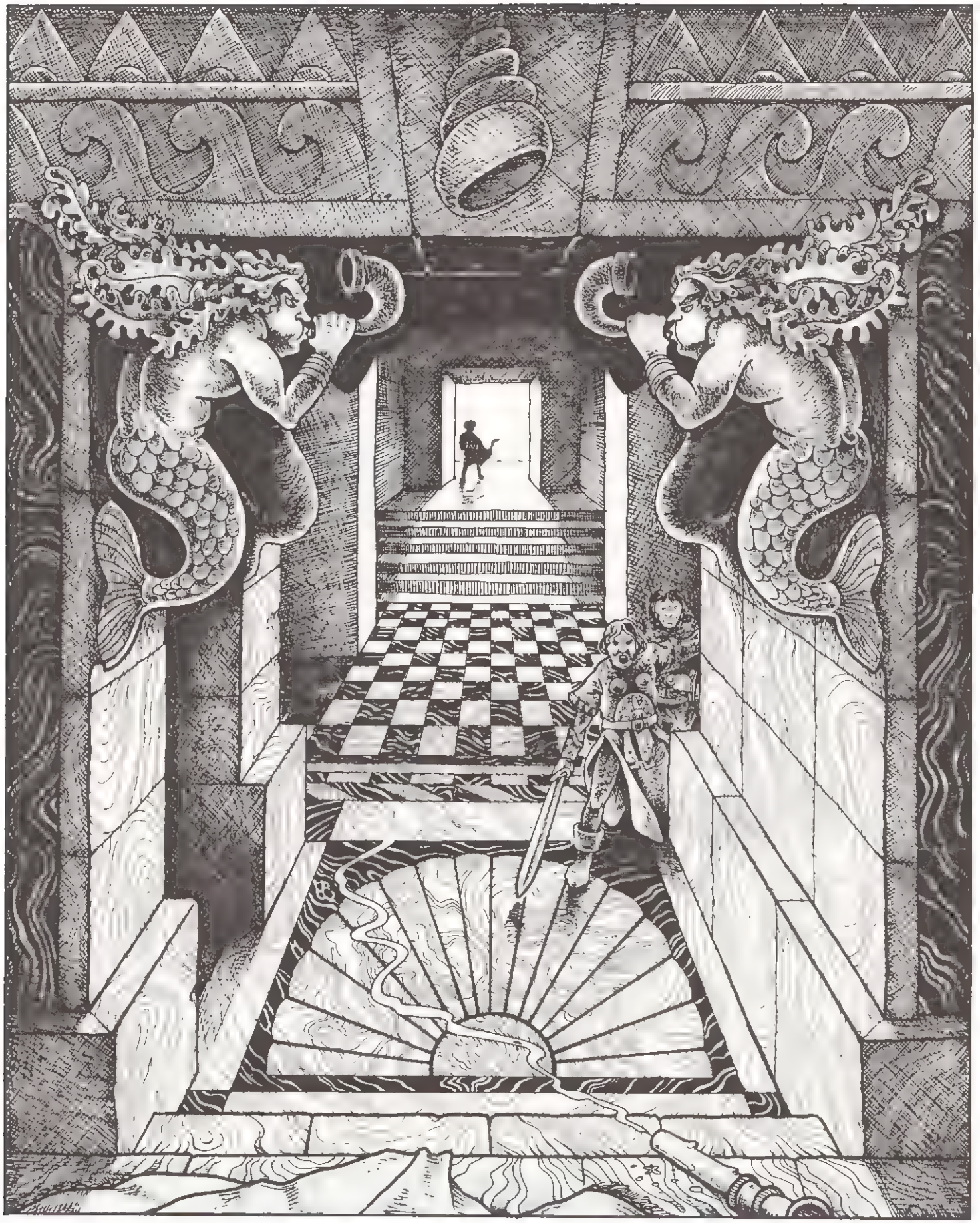
Sebbra climbs out onto the rock, followed by Dax with his crossbow, who keeps low in the water and well concealed.

Both boats edge out from behind their rock, and start on a curving course towards the other rock, keeping a wary distance between each other. They are nearly half-way across when Hannuk whispers, "Time for the bow, Grennit." But scarcely has Grennit raised his crossbow than the bearded man points an outstretched arm out in your direction, and a searing flash of light blinds you and everyone in the boat. As you all crouch groaning in the bottom, you hear a thin, mean voice calling out above the sound of the waves: "Your Majesty – turn and bury your face in your hands!"

"Go to it, Dax!" yells Hannuk, but Dax's scream a second later tells you that he too has felt the blinding flash.

If you have Orientation Skill, turn to **12.**

If not, turn to **176.**



29

"It's a maze of passages and rooms down here," says the princess. "Do you have any idea where we're going?"

"Not exactly – we had to put all our effort into getting to you, and didn't have time to work out escape routes."

"Mm . . ." she says thoughtfully. "Who's 'we', anyway?"

"The Salos Resistance, but I'm . . ."

"And why did they pick you for this job?"

"I was the only one who'd ever been in this Temple – you see, I'm Prince Edrix, son of . . ."

"Only son of Errian?"

"Yes, and although . . ."

"Tell me later," she says. "Let's get farther away from those Companions – this way!"

You hear her groping on, and follow as quickly as you can. Suddenly, your fingertips touch her bottom, and she lets out a scream.

"Sorry!" you both say at once. She heads farther down the corridor, and you hear her climbing some steps. "I think we've found a way out!" she calls to you and, as you climb the steps, you hear a bolt being drawn and a slit of wan light appears ahead.

She throws open the door and steps out. "Come on – it's safe!" she calls back.

You hurry up the steps and climb out to find you are in the vestibule you started from. You look round, and in the same instant the swords of Arkian troopers sink into your body. The princess' last words are the last you ever hear: "Son of Errian, indeed!"

30

The spearman proves too much for you, jabbing at you from the vantage point of his horse, so you clamber back to the safety of a cart.

"He's not worth risking our necks for!" shouts Hannuk. "Let's leave him to it!"

You all jump off the carts, and hurry off to the only safe tavern left to the Resistance, the Galley Becalmed, where you gather in the cellar.

Turn to **140.**

31

The bolt flies wide of its mark, and clatters to the floor far down the tunnel. Before you can draw another weapon, your foes set on you with their swords, and you sink under the blows. Soon your corpse is floating down the sewer, heading for the sea.

32

"It sounds like a couple of workmen," you go on. "One said it can't be done, shoring something up by tonight. The other said they'd have to, or the magician would set the undead on them. They're going to ask him for more men."

"So you're a Gutter Speaker, are you?" she asks.

"Amongst other things," you reply.

Turn to **141.**

33

You jump out of the boat with Sebbra and, crouching behind rocks, you both pull off your outer clothes, and toss them to each other. Each of you emerges looking very much like the other – except for the hair.

"Fancy a slimy head-dress?" asks Sebbra, pointing to some seaweed about the right length and colour trailing from the rock. You cut it free with your dagger, and Sebbra arranges it on your head, tying it all with a seaweed headband.

"Good job it's getting darker all the time," she says as you both jump back into the boat. "And thank you, Edrix."

Mark the new clothes on your Adventure Chart, and turn to **152.**

34

His words you understand clearly: "Know You, Inhabitants of the Edge of the Sky, that You stand in the Presence of the King of the Undercity, Lord of all Scavengers. Who are You, and what is Your Path?"

You waste no time giving him your answer in High Tongue: "Edrix, of a murdered King, a Son: and Sebbra, of a King from Shores afar, a Daughter. Behind Us our Enemies: before Us the Sea."

"Nicely put, no doubt," whispers Sebbra. "But are we getting through?"

"Too early to say," you mutter back, and then he speaks again:

"Where beyond the Sea does your Path lie? And upon your Shoulder what carry You?"

You look into his crimson eyes, and you can almost see a picture you have seen once before, carved on a horn:

"Steep is the Path which takes Me to a Castle on the Rock, bearing on my Shoulder a Crescent Moon."

A murmur spreads throughout the room, the king gives a sign, and you are led like a prince and princess back through the hall. Then the king delivers his final words:

"To the Waves of the Sea shall You be taken, but never Word shall You tell or write of the Undercity in the Kingdom at the Edge of the Sky: or never the Castle shall be Yours."

Turn to **60.**

35

You look around you to check if you have been spotted, but see only a window with a light in it a metre or so below you. It is open, and you can hear the sound of voices:

"Your Most Excellent Majesty, I assure you that His Highness, the King Luko, has taken every possible provision for your safety throughout your stay with us here in Salos.

"Though we may not have guards to match your fine troopers, either in skill or stature, His Highness puts complete trust in his new seneschal, who is beside me here. A man of remarkable powers, worth his weight in gold, he can sense danger even before it materialises, and alone can take any action needed to avert it. Is that not so, Seneschal . . . ?"

If you want to carry on up the rope, turn to **168.**

If you decide to slide down back to the quay, turn to **107.**

If you hang on to hear more, turn to **132.**

36

Grabbing your weapons and any armour you have, you all scramble into the courtyard, mount your horses, and clatter out into Whale Street, looking for all the world like a Gothmoi patrol.

"Let's take a look at Parade Street," says Hannuk, and you all head off to the princess' route at the trot, jabbing at the odd citizen with your weapons just for appearance's sake.

You reach Parade Street to find it already thronged with bleary-eyed townsfolk. A mounted Gothmoi officer is strutting down the street offering the crowd some gentle words of encouragement:

"Loud cheers from everyone when I give the word! And remember, I'll be opening any closed mouths with this sword!"

Then he levels his sword in your direction and calls: "You lot . . . Flush any stragglers out of Ship Street opposite, then get back and seal it off!"

You turn in your saddle and nod a quick "Yes" to the men. You all canter across Parade Street and do your job as quickly as you can, then hurry back to the crossroads. On the other side, another line of mounted Gothmoi faces you, sealing off Whale Street. And down Parade Street, lit by the first yellow rays of the sun, amid the armour-clad figures of mounted troopers, you glimpse a young woman in a white robe.

Suddenly the Gothmoi officer is in front of you:

"Break ranks as they reach you: they're turning into Ship Street for secur . . ."

He realises in the same breath that you are no Gothmoi horsemen, and starts to turn to the guards opposite.

Do you strike him with your weapon? If so, turn to **117.**

Do you spring on him with bare hands? If so, turn to **172.**

37

"There are Gothmoi guards on our heels, and we'll all die if we keep on like this," you tell the smugglers. Suddenly the pressure eases, and you realise the smugglers are now pulling instead of pushing.

The strange procession makes its way with painful slowness down the alley, and soon the sound of horses' hooves comes from behind you.

"We're the Resistance. Let us crawl through!" you call.

"Not blooming likely," a smuggler calls back. "Just keep pushing!" A Resistance man jumps onto the cart but is cut down as he leaps off the other side.

"Stop pushing!" yells one of the smugglers, but too late . . . a wheel jams against the man's body and the cart up-ends in the narrowest part of the alley, wedging itself between the walls, spilling its load of brandy kegs, and trapping a smuggler's leg.

"We're climbing over!" you shout above the screams.

"Oh no, you're not!" a smuggler yells back. "You've made us pay dear, now you'll pay dear yourselves!"

Another of your men climbs the cart, only to be beaten back by two of the smugglers while others frantically load some of the kegs onto the other cart.

You have no choice but to storm the cart, and fight the smugglers. Your opponent has 22 Strength Points, carries a sword and leather armour, but has no special skills. He strikes the first blow.

> You can flee along with the Resistance men after any round, but should you kill the smuggler, you and your companions grab a set of leather armour each (mark this on your Adventure Chart) and flee before the guards reach the cart.
>
> If you survive the fight, turn to **101.**

38

You start to lead your men in single file up the gangplank. "I think they've bought it," Hannuk whispers in your ear as the last man is let courteously through by the sentry below.

"I think *we've* bought it, Hannuk," you reply as you see a close-packed line of Arkian troopers rise to their feet along the galley's bulwark, weapons drawn. Your escort has now turned to face you:

"I assume you have papers signed by Luko himself?"

Turning round to Hannuk to buy time, you realise how clever the trooper has been: you are all squeezed into single file on the gangplank, your escape cut off by just one Arkian guard at the bottom. Only two of you have anyone to fight, even if you dared.

"The papers, Hannuk!" you snap, then in a whisper: "How do we get out of this?"

"It's either blood or water," he murmurs back. "You choose."

> Do you engage in combat with the Arkian troopers? If so, turn to **95.**
>
> Do you jump the gangplank into the sea below? If so, turn to **148.**

39

Safely in the cellar again, you all gather round a table to ponder your predicament.

"Well, at least we still have a choice," says Hannuk with what cheer he can muster, "either to try for the princess in the streets, or in the Temple."

Half an hour passes and you are still all debating fiercely when Flume brings in a great bowl of fish soup, saying, "Enough for everyone, I think, and this time it's on me, lads." Your portion gives you 8 Strength Points, but does nothing to break the deadlock. (Mark your new strength on your Adventure Chart.)

"Time for a decision," says Hannuk, "and as Edrix seems to take as many risks as anyone, if not more, I think he should choose."

> If you decide to spring an ambush in Parade Street, turn to **165.**
>
> If you settle on snatching the princess in the Temple of the Sea Goddess, turn to **27.**

40

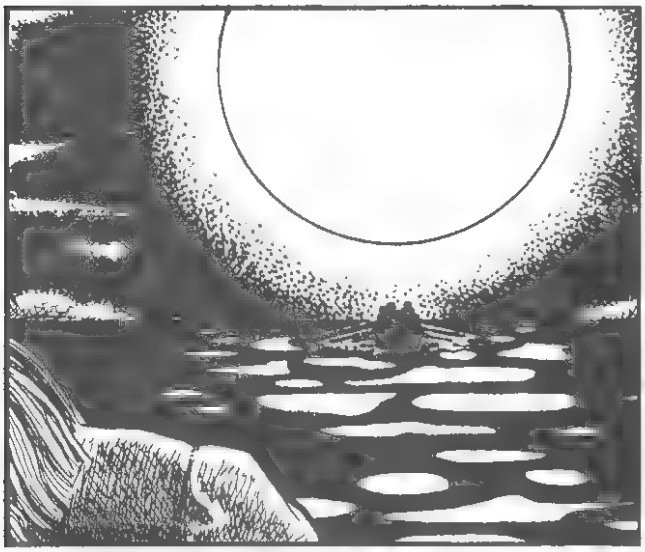
As you reach the archway, a man's voice echoes out from the hall: "And now, Your Majesty, we shall withdraw to permit you a minute of silent thanksgiving."

The rhythmic clanging of armour fills the hall, then gradually fades. You peer round the arch, and see but a few feet away the unmistakable figure of the princess, kneeling beside a giant clam-shell mosaic in the marble floor, her back to you . . . and alone.

> Do you make a dash for her? If so, turn to **146.**
>
> Do you whisper to her from behind the arch? If so, turn to **26.**

41

Delving into your haversack, you discover to your dismay that the stone has vanished. The scavanger creatures must have taken it, you realise.



Strike the stone off your Adventure Chart, and turn to **109.**

42

You all set off through backstreets, and cross Parade Street up by Master Melfi's in Smaerd Street. Then you double back through lanes and alleys, until you reach a tiny square right by the Temple.

Turn to **131.**

43

You both grab the rope on the right and swing out – but you are in mid air when the archer shoots, and you land among the sacks with an arrow in your chest. More Gothmoi soon pour into the warehouse, climb up to you, and deliver the death blow.

44

The quayside looks deserted: just a few fishing boats bobbing up and down at their moorings, and no one in sight. You follow the water's edge, peering into each boat under the moonlight.

"Pssst!" someone calls out of the darkness. "Edrix! Over here!" A few more paces, and you can just make out some shadowy figures in the next boat.

"Jump in!" comes a voice, clearly Hannuk's. You make a soft landing on a pile of nets, and before you have turned and found somewhere to sit, the boat is gliding down-river towards the harbour, with you and six Resistance men on board.

"Things are moving fast again, Edrix," Hannuk explains, "and this is the only safe place to meet. Let me fill you in. We've been thinking hard since our last operation, and it's clear that before we can try and topple Luko we need money – lots of it – to buy arms, bribe guards on a large scale, and buy information about Luko's plans and movements. We haven't worked out how to do it yet, and now we've been overtaken by events . . .

"Luko hasn't been idle since the Festival of the Founding Fathers. Oh, we all know he's been butchering a handful of the population most mornings, but that's just a detail, it seems.

"He's also cleverly arranged a marriage for himself – with the young daughter of King Gambard of Arkis. As you can probably see for yourself, it's clever because Gambard has more allies than we've had goat-meat pies. So once the marriage has taken place, Luko can count on armed support against people like us from virtually every city state this side of the Great Ocean. And of course, being connected to Gambard's dynasty would give an air of legality to Luko's position . . ."

Hannuk leans on the rudder and the boat changes course, swinging out through the harbour mouth. Over his shoulder you see the full moon shining in the water like a huge pool of silver – and in the middle of it the dark shape of a fast boat, with oars pounding on either side.

Turn to **130.**

45

You hurry on down the corridor, and suddenly there is turning after turning on either side. "Shall we duck down one of them?" you ask.

"I don't think so. The troopers are thorough – they'll check every one. We'll put more distance between them and us if we keep going."

Breaking into a run you carry on past endless turnings. "What was that?" calls Sebbra, stopping.

"What?"

"Down that turning . . . like a row of tiny red lights."

You look down the turning, but see nothing. "Must be the dark playing tricks on your eyes," you say.

You run on, until suddenly a solid wall confronts you. Swinging the lamp left and right, you find there are steps leading down one way, and a corridor the other. If

you have a piece of cod in your haversack, you can eat it now as you go, giving you 6 Strength Points. (Mark this on your Adventure Chart.)

If you want to go down the steps, turn to **209.**

If you want to take the corridor, turn to **159.**

46

There is a double thud as all at once the bolt buries itself in the rat, lifts it off its feet and sends it hurtling into the wall behind it.

You quickly swing the crossbow back to the creatures in front of you, who have stopped in their tracks. They back away, then scurry off down the tunnel, leaving Sebbra free. You can keep the bow if you want, marking it on your Adventure Chart.

Turn to **161.**

47

Clambering down off the rubble, you pass the lamp along the walls of the chamber.

Your throat goes dry as you discover what the strange squares in the wall are: "I'm afraid we're in a mausoleum," you tell Sebbra.

"Fine. Now, how about going somewhere else for a change of scene?"

Climbing back onto the rubble, you both strain to touch the jagged edge of the corridor floor, but it is beyond your reach.

"Let's see if there's something we could use to climb with – props or something," says Sebbra, and you search around the chamber again.

"Here's a small passage." You both creep in, and after a few yards come to a dead end, with a pile of tools in it, a ladder included. "That'll do it!" you say, grabbing it with both hands. But as you turn, voices fill the chamber . . .

Turn to **100.**

48

"Keep ringing the bell!" you shout to the men behind you as you toss them your haversack, and spin to face your adversary. He is in chainmail armour, carries a sword and has 27 Strength Points, with Fencing Skill. You strike the first blow, with no chance of escape.

If you survive the first two rounds of combat, turn to **113.**

49

"We'll creep to the back corner of the Temple and try for the side door," you say.

"He's got to be off his rocker!" someone groans. "What's wrong with the front?"

"Everything," you say. "And don't worry, I'll take the side entrance on my own if need be."

"Too right you will!" comes the retort, and you can see from the faces of others that they feel the same.

If you are wearing a cloak, turn to **139.**

If not, turn to **216.**

50

Hurrying forward, you have only gone a few paces when cold hands clamp on you from all sides. Your light, haversack and weapons are snatched from you, and in the pitch black you see only one thing – small red lights all around you . . . and in pairs.

Through the dark they drag you, turning, turning, and turning again through a maze of passages, sometimes so narrow that you have to squeeze through in single file.

"Are you still there, Sebbra?" you call.

"Yes . . . Good to hear your voice!"

The dimmest of glows lies ahead – but then the palm of a wet hand is laid on your eyes, and you are pulled on and on. The hand is warm and dry before it is taken away, and you find yourselves standing in a great hall, ever so dimly lit, but bright enough for you to see a hundred of these creatures, sitting on a cold stone floor, inquisitive crimson eyes turned towards you. And beyond them, sitting on what must be a huge stone throne, flanked by guards holding giant rats on leashes, the one who must be their king.

You are both led to the foot of the throne, and he speaks:

"Sabrimeh, Porlum Seelor Cotrim, estrol Ladun Roinnim Beshunnar. Vaidamal Voll, Sendor Var?"

If you have High Tongue, turn to **34.**

If not, turn to **185.**

51

The front of the procession soon slows down, then packs ever tighter, and finally grinds to a halt. "There's a huge hole in the street!" comes a voice from the front.

"Well, lower the coffin, then!" says a wag.

Your chuckle is cut short by a sword in the back, and you slump to the ground, killed by an Arkiman.

52

"Wurr we goinnow?" Swig mumbles, slobbering over your shoulder.

"For a little walk along the waterfront," you say emphatically, realising your partner in trickery is well gone.

"Bud I thorwee wurz k..kinnapin' th' prinshesh," he bawls back.

Oh help me, goddess, you say to yourself as you look up to see the two sentries ahead. They're within earshot: and they're not even Gothmoi, but imposing troopers of the princess' guard. Too late to turn back now . . .

"Do'be sho shtupid," you holler back in Swig's ear, and help him lurch a little farther. Out of the corner of your eye, you see one of the sentries has his hand on the hilt of his sword. We'd better stagger right on past them, you decide.

"Don' caw me shtupid!" argues Swig as you draw alongside the sentries.

"C'mon . . . t'the ness tavver," you plead, urging him onward. But he stops in his tracks and refuses to budge.

"Please, what is your business here?" comes the polite but commanding voice of a sentry.

"Jush dunna shish-month tour wi'wunnada Kin'shipsh," you explain, "an' drinkin' dry orther tavversh i'the doksh!"

A friendly smile comes from both sentries, the hand drops from the sword, and you heave again on Swig's shoulder.

"Time, is it not, for you both to go home to bed?" suggests the trooper, but Swig is no longer open to suggestions:

"Don' temme whatta do i' my ow' town, yer bluthy fonner," he challenges, and throws a punch in the direction of the sentry's face. It misses by a yard, but the force of his own swing sends Swig lurching to the very edge of the quay, where he hovers for a second, arms waving wildly in a bid to keep his footing.

In the second that follows, a sentry turns to grab hold of him while you draw your dagger unnoticed. Then in

one movement you push the trooper over the edge, and lunge at the neck of the other.

You hear the gurgle of the man's last breath before two mighty splashes echo up from the water below: and you are still holding him up by your dagger when a voice calls out from above:

"What is afoot down there?"

If you have Disguise Skill, turn to **171.**

If not, turn to **215.**

53

"Oy, woss goin' on 'en? . . .'s hardly any guar's dan 'ere!" you ask with a convincing lack of couth.

"Wot, didn' 'ey tell yer?" replies the guard. He leans towards you and his stinking breath catches your lungs: "Dey're not comin' dan 'ere – goin' dan Ship Street 'nstead. Y'see, *dey* reck'n der filfy Shistins'll try somefink on *'ere* – an' we're ready for 'em, cos we're all 'idden, aren't we?"

"Yurr, course," you say with a dry tongue, and shuffle over to Hannuk. "It's a trap!" you whisper, "They're going to turn into Ship Street: and if we break cover, Gothmoi'll be down on us from these houses."

Do you muster your men and try and get them back to the crossroads? Turn to **151.**

Do you shepherd them into the alley, where you can decide your next move? Turn to **205.**

54

Despite Sebbra's murmurings, you creep to the edge, lamp in hand, and are about to peer over when the floor gives way under you. So this is the end, you think for an instant as everything goes black, but the feeling you are in some gigantic mangling machine tells you all too painfully you are still alive.

"Are you still there?" calls Sebbra in a hushed voice as the din dies down.

"Just," you say, feeling very foolish.

If you have a tinder-box, turn to **203.**

If not, but Sebbra has a lamp, turn to **177.**

Otherwise, turn to **128.**

55

Hurrying down the alley as fast as you dare without dropping your prize, you see she is over her first shock and struggling to get free. Time to reassure her: "Don't resist, and you'll come to no harm . . ."

"Drop dead, you oaf!" comes the reply, and she lashes out more fiercely still.

Oh dear, off to a bad start, you think, as you turn a sharp bend to face a steep flight of steps. You swing off your horses and pull the princess down, still resisting ferociously, then drag her up the steps.

At the top, you listen for sounds of any pursuers: nothing but silence.

Turn to **99.**

56

"We could see the great bird coming," says Sebbra, "but if you hadn't kept that evil man busy, he'd have spotted it himself. You saved our lives, Edrix," she says as you draw alongside the south rock. "I'll never forget that."

You spring onto the rock and scramble up to the chest with Hannuk. You both cast a nervous glance at each other, then Hannuk shuts his eyes and opens it. It is filled to the brim with pebbles.

"Cutter coming!" shouts one of the men in the boat, and you turn to see Arkian troopers bearing down on you. Into the boat you both jump, when Sebbra says, "No need to fear them now. Their orders were to break all ties with Luko and his servants if they failed to treat me well. Edrix, have this . . ." she says, delving in her clothes and handing you a pearl necklace you have not noticed before, hidden as it was inside the high collar of her robe. "Fifty pearls, and I'm sure each is worth a hundred Royals. It's a ransom I think you've earned!" (Mark the necklace on your Adventure Chart.)

If you are wearing Sebbra's robe, turn to **147.**

If not, turn to **223.**

57

Quick as lightning you draw your dagger and press it to his throat: "It'll cost you your life if you don't!"

You check him for weapons and find a dagger, which you throw in the sewer. His companion is now stumbling to his feet, and you check him for weapons, but he has none.

The two men lead you off the way they came, one of them muttering these words to the other:

"Shawi tekki tuddador?"

"Nar, wistappa dasherfti biddi wodder – dawiddi worshi, wigottil digorza."

If you have Gutter Speak, turn to **153.**

If not, turn to **92.**

58

"Are you still conscious?" you ask the princess. "Just," she says weakly.

"Hold on tight, take the lamp, keep your eyes skinned for the door, and scream when you see it!"

"You're not going to . . .?"

"It's the only way . . ."

You lumber forward, and are soon dragging the extra weight of several rats whose teeth are sunk deep into your boots. A few yards more, and you feel you are wading through a pile of knives. Your legs are beginning to give when she screams, "The door!"

You collapse against the post of a metal door, still holding on to her, and somehow manage to try the handle. The door is locked.

If you have a set of keys in your haversack, turn to **220.**

If not, but you have Thieving Skill, turn to **157.**

Otherwise, turn to **119.**

59

Somehow you manage to keep swimming after the others, and suddenly you are grabbed again, a face is pressed against yours, and a mouthful of air is forced into your lungs as you are dragged onwards.

Turn to **2.**

60

You are led into a room which has been carved out of solid rock, and the creatures motion you to sit on stone chairs at a stone table, all carved as one piece with the floor.

Hollows have been carved out of the table as bowls, and as you both look around you, unrecognisable food is brought in and poured into them. Then the creatures leave, locking the door behind them.

"Oh dear, I'm hungry enough," says Sebbra, "but what do you think it is? They can't grow plants down here, and we've only seen one kind of animal . . ."

If you decide to eat the food, turn to **90.**

If not, turn to **112.**

61

As the guard looms closer you notice he has chainmail armour and carries a sword. You sense he is looking for a reason to make trouble. Too late to turn and run now:

If you have Disguise Skill, and want to use it, turn to **158.**

If not, turn to **98.**

62

You turn to face a reeling band of drunkards staggering towards you. Before you can reach your bit of hand they are up to you, and you lurch against the Temple wall to keep out of their way.

They've gone berserk, you think, but Hannuk blurts out your orders as he weaves past you: "Keep to the wall, run, and you're in!"

Turn to **5.**

63

Leaping from the cart, you grab the bow and arrow of the first barbarian to fall, notch the arrow as you race back to the cart, and send its shaft speeding into the spearman's neck.

A loud cheer comes from the smugglers and Resistance men. Now you have a bow – and arrows, you think, looking around for the quiver – but alas, it has been trampled by the horses, and the arrows all broken.

Turn to **166.**

64

You both grip the sides of the coffin as the sunlight is blotted out. Your stomach rises inside you and the overpowering stench of sewage invades your nose. The two have just enough time to meet somewhere in the back of your throat when there is a mighty splash. The coffin rocks wildly, then more steadily . . .

The contents of your stomach win their battle to get out and, as you drag your head back in over the coffin's edge, your thoughts turn to the princess for the first time since your comrades gave you that friendly push.

"Are you all right?" you ask, but she cannot answer for retching. You look around you: pitch-blackness everywhere, except for a pool of blue light far behind you, and getting smaller with every second.

"The torturers of the Citadel could learn a lot from you!" are her first words, and "Get me out of this sewer!" the next.

The coffin brushes against something solid, and your free hand reaches out to find a sticky wall, then claws slowly upwards till it reaches dry land at the top, and grips hard.

"We're by a stone platform," you say proudly, and are about to spring upward when you remember the rope: "Time for a piggyback, I think."

You stand up slowly, grab the platform with both hands, and press yourself against the sewer-wall while the princess climbs up and over your back to safety. You follow, feeling distinctly sticky down your front.

The platform runs along the curved wall of what must be a tunnel. You both feel your way down it, passing a large niche in the wall which you nearly fall into, then start into a gentle bend when a shout echoes up the tunnel:

"Gods! Thassa coffin comin' darn!"

Turn to **195.**

65

"Down to business," says Hannuk. "The scouts found one side entrance to the Temple, as well as the big front one. They'll no doubt be guarded by Gothmoi, or Arkian guards, or even both. We need to draw them away somehow . . ."

The dream comes back to you, and gives you an idea:

"A band of lepers would keep them away for a while, wouldn't it?"

"Brilliant! . . . but we don't know any lepers, do we?"

"You'd be surprised – I'm not an actor for nothing, you know! And come to think of it, one leper's as lethal as twenty . . ."

Turn to **200.**

66

Picking up a loose orange, you hurl it through the air to the far side of the warehouse. All the guards spin round towards the door at the rear.

You seize your chance to cut the rope on the left, and the crate comes crashing down on the two spearmen.

"Now!" murmurs Sebbra, and you both grab the rope and swing out as the archer turns – but he is too late to stop your boot sending his teeth deep into the back of his throat. He drops gurgling to the floor as the two of you drop amongst the sacks on the pile of bales.

Turn to **211.**

67

You are about to go to your horse when you have an idea: "Do you have any musical instruments in the tavern?" you ask Flume.

"We've got a small bell somewhere, I think," he says.

"Can you get it?" you ask. "And a piece of rag too?"

The man obliges: you stuff the rag into the bell to silence it, then put it in your haversack. You ask two of the Resistance men to stay with the horses, and follow you down to the Royal Docks with them after a quarter of an hour.

"Stay as close to the galley as you can when you get there, but at all costs keep out of sight – and trouble. When you hear the bell, ride like devils to pick us up . . . probably by the gangplank."

"Now, let's go!" you say to the rest.

Mark the bell on your Adventure Chart, and turn to **11.**

68

The magician edges in your direction, his back towards you, his arm groping behind him for the entrance to your hiding-place. You edge backwards, too, till he stops in the safety of the entrance to watch the carnage. But the workmen would rather face him than the undead, and pounce on him, daggers to his throat, screaming "Call this lot off, or you die!"

"Never!" he roars back, and they promptly slit his throat. As he slumps to the ground a strange-looking stone rolls out of his cloak pocket, and then he falls on it.

You are wondering whether to let the two men reduce the odds a bit before you come out to face the cutlasses, when your mind is made up for you: the earth is beginning to crumble off the walls behind you . . .

Turn to **164.**

69

"Quick! Run and get me a tinderbox!" you ask Flume.

"Sure . . . sure . . ." he says in the same tone as before, casting his eyes to the dawn sky: but he is soon back with what you asked for.

Mark both the lamp and the tinder-box on your Adventure Chart, and turn to **184.**

70

You look at each other, thinking the same thought. In unison, you turn and start running back up the steps, reach the top, and hear the sound of Arkian troopers searching the turnings you passed earlier. You steal down the other corridor.

Turn to **159.**

71

Systematically checking another stretch of wall, your hands find a shelf, then run along it, ploughing through dust and cobwebs . . .

"It's a maze of passages and rooms down here," says the princess. "Do you have any idea where we're going?"

"Due West – towards the sea, in fact," you say, still searching with your hands. "I should think we must be pretty close to the Sailors' Cemetery by . . . What's this?" In your hands is a small wooden box, wrapped in cobwebs: you open it, and feel tinder, flint and steel. "Now, that's a bit better, isn't it?" you say, lighting the lamp and putting the tinder-box in your haversack. (Mark this on your Adventure Chart.)

On the shelf you see a set of rusting keys among the cobwebs. If you decide to take them, mark them also on your Adventure Chart.

You both press on down the corridor, but have not gone far before you hear voices ahead . . .

Turn to **17.**

72

Levelling the crossbow at the face of the nearest creature, you let loose the bolt . . .

If you have Marksmanship Skill, turn to **116.**

If not, turn to **31.**

73

You are about to plunge once more into the fray when Hannuk calls: "That's enough, men!" Then, to the surviving guards in the cutter: "Surrender now, and you might live! Look around you: you're caught in our nets, and we have the spears and halberd!" Hannuk has been cleverly circling the cutter while you fought, paying out his nets all the while.

A few seconds of silence, then the Captain calls to his men: "Lay down your weapons!"

"Not there!" you cut in. "Over here – throw them into the boat!"

The Captain nods woefully to his men. Swords, daggers, a battle-axe, mace and a double-handed sword all land with a clatter on the deck.

"Now your armour!" Spiked helmets roll on the deck, and leather armour soon follows them with a thud.

"Get down to the bows!" Hannuk orders the guards, then hops into the cutter's stern, battle-axe in hand, and with a couple of well-timed blows severs the rudder. Then, tossing all but one of the cutter's oars into the sea, he jumps back onto the fishing boat.

"It'll be a full half-day before they make it back," he says as your boat heads off along the coast.

You are given first pick of the weapons, and find a set of leather armour and a spiked helmet that fit you. The others do the same.

Mark these on your Adventure Chart, and turn to **190.**

74

Picking the simplest key you can find, you set to work, teasing it this way and that. "I think I've got the better of this lock," you say at last, and a final turn eases back the rod. The door creaks as you open it, and lets you into a dark chamber, with intricate carvings on the walls.

You both steal in, carefully lock the door behind you, and hold the lamps up to the carvings. They are all images of scavenging creatures: crows, rats, countless insects and reptiles, vultures, on and on along the walls.

At the far side is an open doorway. You creep through it, then along a corridor which leads to another doorway with the faintest glimmer of light in it. Without making a sound, you peer in: standing under a candelabrum in the middle of a hallway, facing away from you, is a white-haired man clad in a rusty patchwork of ancient mail and plate armour, his gauntlet resting on the hilt

of a double-handed sword. He has Fencing Skill and 26 Strength Points.

Before you pull your head back, you have time to notice the candelabrum is held by a cord tied to a hook low down on the wall to the right of him.

If you decide to attack him by diving for the cord and bringing down the candelabrum, turn to **137.**

If you choose to fight him with your weapons, then you can rush in and strike the first blow: but you must fight him to the death. Should you win, you can take his sword – remembering to mark it on your Adventure Chart and keep within your weapons limit – and turn to **50.**

75

As soon as you reach the tavern you prop up the bar by Melfi's side and down the drink he buys you as if you had spent a day in the desert.

"Well, it's a couple of Ships apiece this time, lads," he says, getting out his money-bag. "Here you are, Dermik." He slaps two silver coins into your palm. (Remember to mark them on your Adventure Chart.)

With everyone's eyes glued to the money-bag you slide out of the tavern unnoticed, and hurry to the side entrance of the theatre.

The crowds have all gone: and so has Hannuk. Just one cloaked figure is standing with his back to you, staring at the stone wall. A Silent Watcher, you wonder, keeping out of sight behind a pillar. As soon as he moves on, you go up to the wall: a message has been scrawled on it with a piece of burnt wood:

"D. Fishing tonight at the Basin. H."

You waste no time, and hurry off to the Fisherman's Basin.

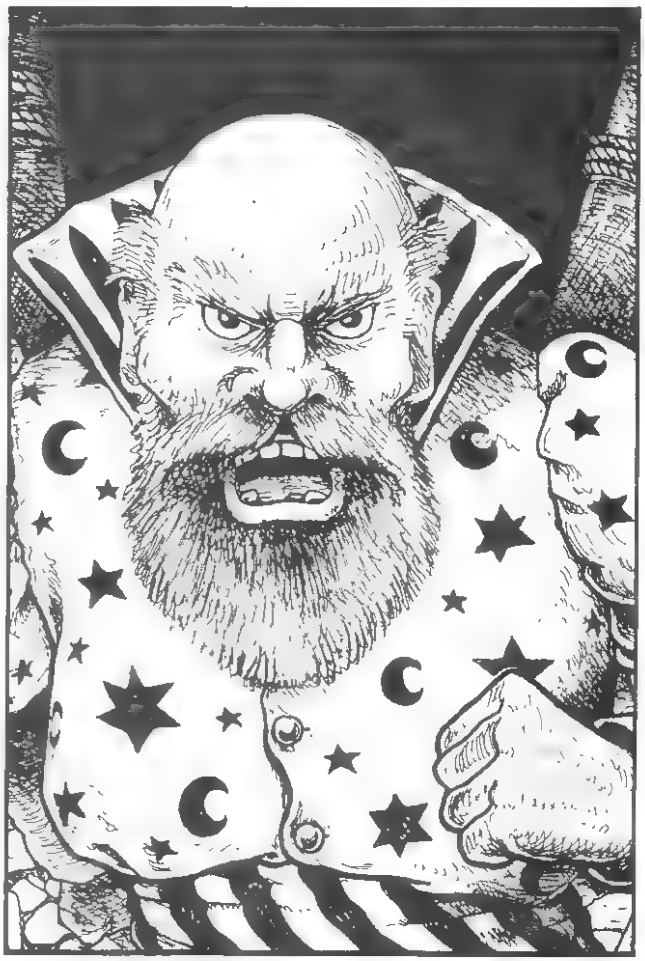
Turn to **188.**

76

Getting to your feet, you both turn and head up the passage, but you have barely reached the room with the turnings when you hear the terrible sound of metal being rent and twisted.

"They're breaking through!" says Sebbra.

Neither of you needs to ask the other what to do next. You both spin round and hurry back to the gaping hole – but now there is a light in it, and men are arguing below. You creep to the edge and peer over: what looks like a



magician, judging by his robe emblazoned with occult symbols, is arguing with two workmen.

Turn to **100.**

77

"That 'old fella' is an evil piece of work if he's who I think he is," says the princess. "We should wash and go."

"And I've not been much better keeping you tied for so long," you say. "Let's get this rope off us." You both help each other out of the rope, which you can put in your haversack if you want. (Mark it on your Adventure Chart and keep within your limit of five items.) After washing yourselves in the spring, you set off down the tunnel.

Turn to **105.**

78

"We do look just like Gothmoi guards," says Hannuk. "Let's bluff our way on board and see how far we can get before we have to fight. You're the actor, Edrix. You lead."

You form the men into something like a column two men wide. "This is it. Keep right behind me, and just act with all the brute stupidity of a Gothmoi patrol!"

Round the corner you all stomp, and march resolutely towards the dark form of the galley ahead.

"There she is," says a low voice, "in that window in the poop: the one with the lamp-light in it!" You catch a fleeting glimpse of the princess as she walks past the window.

Here we go, you think as you lead your men up to a couple of all-too-familiar-looking Gothmoi guards standing sentry in the shadows at the bottom of a narrow gangplank. But a bit too tall and thin for Gothmoi . . .

"Who goes there, may I ask?" one of them calls out, and you realise you are dealing with the princess' troopers.

"Special patrol sent by King Luko," you answer. "We're to stay close to the princess and her retinue till it's time to escort her into the City."

"Very good. Kindly follow me – all of you."

This all seems very easy, you think . . . too easy perhaps?

If you want to back out of the escapade, turn to **199.**

If you decide to go on, turn to **38.**

79

You open the door a foot as you swing round, and heave the princess through the gap, slamming the door shut behind her.

"Can you hear me?" you yell.

"Yes!" comes her muffled voice.

"When I shout 'Now!', open the door, then slam it after me!"

You drag yourself up as straight as you can in the corner of the door, wield your dagger at the rats with what little strength you have left, then shout, "Now!"

You tumble in, the door clangs shut after you, a stone floor hits you in the back, and you black out . . .

Turn to **118.**

80

A strange dream haunts you during the night . . . you see a ragged beggar going down some steps to a door, his back turned to you, the shadow of a huge bird over him. Then you are right behind him, and he turns his head to show a hideous face disfigured by sores and ulcers . . .

The door swings open, and you are in a temple, drawing ever nearer to a woman in a white robe, whose back is also turned. As you reach her, she spins round, and a piercing shriek flies from her horror-stricken young face . . . then she is smiling again.

Now you are walking towards a doorway to leave, and a small man with a wizened face and cruel lips stands in your path. Suddenly a sheet of flame engulfs you . . .

"Are you all right?" says someone in your ear. Hannuk's hand is on your shoulder, and you are sitting bolt-upright on the sacks, bathed in sweat.

"Yes, thanks. Just a bad dream . . ."

"It'll be dawn soon," says Hannuk. "Let's talk about the day ahead before the others wake." You both sit at the table, when Blishett who is on sentry duty outside pokes his head round the door:

"There's a funny thing going on out here," he says. "Want to come and have a look?"

"Are we all in danger?" asks Hannuk.

"Oh, no. Not at all."

"Well, leave us be then – we've a lot to think about."

Do you follow his advice, and stay inside? If so, turn to **65.**

Do you go outside for a bit of light relief? If so, turn to **149.**

81

Taking the princess' arm, you hurry through the arch as the Companions reach the hall, and run along a corridor which brings you to the front entrance of the Temple.

"Where is Her Majesty?" comes a shout from behind: you both hit the sunlight, but before you can step outside a sheet of blue flame erupts in front of you. Beside it, on the steps, an evil-looking old man with wizened face is leering . . .

You turn into the Temple again, and run straight into the swords of the princess' Companions. "No!" she screams, but too late to stop them. You slump dead to the floor.

82

The trooper falls silently to the floor, and his bolt-quiver slides with a heavy plop into the muck. You freeze, wondering if the other Arkimen have heard . . .

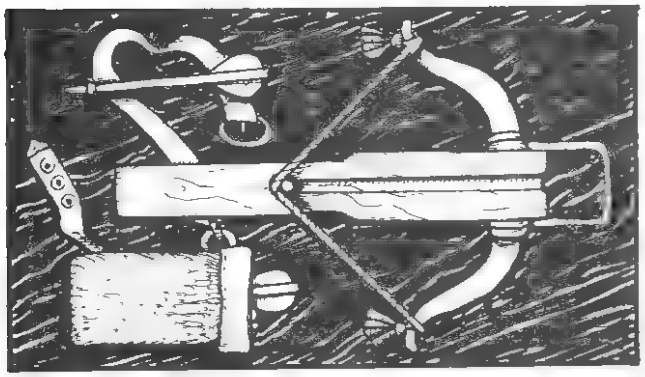
After a few seconds, you mumur, "It's safe to move on," and look back. But Sebbra is not alone. She is in the grip of four of the strangest men you have ever seen, clad in a weird motley of mail and plate armour and carrying swords, but stranger still, with white faces that almost shine in the gloom, and crimson eyes. They stop a moment, still grasping Sebbra, undecided whether to flee or attack, awaiting your move.

You look down at the crossbow at your feet: you notice it is cocked and a bolt lies beside it. Seizing your chance, you grab them both in one deft movement. As the creatures unsheathe their swords to attack, you quickly load the bow and level it at one of them. He quietly utters these words in a strange and ancient tongue:

"Quillrim Marccineh billiam tendro Frillor?"

If you have High Tongue, turn to **122**.

If not, turn to **18**.



83

Clambering out of the boat, you step as gracefully as you can onto the rock, brushing back your seaweed with an elegant gesture of your hand. Grennit and Dax follow you, crossbows over their shoulders, but legs in the water and out of sight of the Gothmoi.

The barbarians' boat starts a circular route towards you, on the landward side, while Hannuk's boat starts out towards the south rock, giving the Gothmoi a wide berth.

"Edge to the right," you murmur to your comrades. Both boats are halfway across the gap now. As the Gothmoi come closer you can see the expression on the face of the bearded man. He is staring at you with growing suspicion. Then he raps an order and the boat changes course, heading for a point between you and Hannuk's boat.

Now's the time, you think: "Out with the crossbows, men!" Two bolts speed over the water: one sinks into the hull, the other cuts into the water just short. Your comrades reload, but as they take aim you see the bearded man point an outstretched arm at you, holding something in his hand.

Instinct tells you to turn and duck behind the rock, shouting to the others to get down, but they are too slow. A blinding flash of light streaks over the water towards you, and you see their faces lit as if by lightning, then they scream.

"We can't see, Edrix!"

You grab a bow and bolt-quiver, and are about to look round the rock when another flash lights everything like a thunderbolt. Then you hear Hannuk yell, "They're closing on us, Edrix! Shoot if you can, but keep your eyes shut!"

Oh yes, easy, you think to yourself, pulling the seaweed down over your eyes, screwing them closed, and setting up station on the top of the rock.

You aim your bow where you think the Gothmoi are and fire as your eyelids flash red and you hear the seaweed sizzle.

"Right a bit!" shouts Hannuk. As you shift the bow another flash hits you, and the seaweed gets warmer. "Up a bit!" Your next shot is followed by a Gothmoi scream. "Keep firing on your own!" shouts Hannuk. "And don't worry about hitting us!"

You risk opening one eye to squint through the seaweed. The bearded man has his arm pointed at Hannuk's boat, where everyone is taking cover in the bottom. And over the waves, unseen by your foes, a giant vulture approaches — beating its wings heavily, and clutching a large lump of rock in its talons.

Your eyes clamp shut again and you fire as fast as you can load. The flashes start hitting you again, but you keep firing. Suddenly you hear a crash and the screams of barbarians, then a hiss of steam. You open your eyes

to see the Gothmoi boat turned turtle, with three heads bobbing in the water. But your head-dress is by now in flames, and you dive into the water.

"Heave, lads!" calls Hannuk when they reach you, and they haul you back into the boat.

Turn to **56.**

84

Loaded crossbow in hand, you crawl on your belly to the edge, level it at the archer's heart, and loose your bolt. There is a loud crack as it rips through his armour, then a thud as he slumps to the floor: but as you slide back, you knock an orange and it rolls forward, then over the edge . . .

"Up der!" yells a spearman as he spots it on its way down.

If you have a dagger or sword, and now want to cut the rope on the left, turn to **189.**

If you now want to swing onto the pile of bales, turn to **138.**

85

"It looks as if we'll be storming the ship, then," says Hannuk.

If you are unhappy with the decision, and have Persuasion Skill, you can talk the Resistance men into adopting either of the other two plans. Otherwise, you have to accept their verdict.

Make a note of the plan you will all be following, and turn to **178.**

86

The guard is still struggling to his feet among the nets when you sense him freeze. Then he gets up and calls: "Nothin' 'ere, sir! Comin' back!"

These Gothmoi are smart, you think: he's found some weapons, but he's playing dumb till he's back in the cutter.

If you have Tumbling Skill, and want to use it, turn to **169.**

If not, turn to **19.**

87

"Let's creep along the side of the Temple – the one without an entrance – to the front," you say. "I'll have a peep round the corner, and if it looks clear, go in first. You stay out of sight, and give me a minute, or until you hear fighting, whichever comes first. Then join me."

You all get to the corner unobserved. A quick peek round it shows the same picture the scout painted: even the old codger is still there, his back turned. You creep up the steps, reach the top, and notice the flagstones are strewn with a strange-looking herb – some ritual offering, no doubt.

The old man turns as you pass him. Shock, then an evil smile, spreads over his face. He tosses a jewel onto the herbs, and suddenly you are engulfed in flames. As you tumble burning to the floor, your comrades rush up the steps, but are beaten back by the heat. Their anguished, helpless faces are the last thing you ever see.

88

"Are *we* glad to see *you*, Hannuk!" you call. "How did you know we'd be here?"

"We didn't," he says beaming. "But with Gothmoi posted on every manhole in the docks, and the princess' galley anchored offshore with its cutters patrolling this stretch of coast, we though you might just show up here!"

"This is Sebbra," you say. "She's on our side."

"The swap's all taken care of," chimes in Hannuk, "and it's happening right now . . ."

"What swap?" asks Sebbra, alarmed.

"It's all right," you say. "Luko's paying a ransom for you, but he won't get you. What's the plan, Hannuk?" But Hannuk is staring over your shoulder:

"No time to explain now – get in the boat!"

Barbarians are picking their way over the rocks along the shore towards you as Hannuk drags you to his boat. You and Sebbra clamber in, along with Hannuk and three others, and cast off. Grennit and Dax immediately lie down in the bottom, nursing a crossbow each.

"We got a ransom note to Luko through some Gothmoi," says Hannuk. "The princess for five thousand Royals. We're doing the swap out on the two farthermost rocks of the Teeth of Magra – both sides unarmed. They bring the money in a small boat and drop the chest on the south rock: we drop the princess on the north rock,

then both boats circle round and get what they're after. That's where Grennit and Dax come in: a few bolts'll stop the Gothmoi before they can get to Sebbra, then we go back to get her, then row to the other rock for the money! Not bad, eh?"

"Not bad," you say, as your boat skirts the first rocks of the Teeth of Magra, "but not too good either. What happens if they try the same thing?"

"Well, we'll be evenly matched, won't we?" says Hannuk cheerfully, steering the boat to a nearby rock. "Now, let's leave all the weapons here, except for the crossbows, of course." (Mark the loss of your weapons on your Adventure Chart.) "And do you notice there's an awful lot of fishing boats out to sea? Part of the getaway plan!"

You realise that if you swapped clothes with Sebbra, you could take her place on the rock and she would be a lot safer . . .

If you want to trade places with Sebbra, turn to **33**.

If not, turn to **152**.

89

Frantically lashing out with arms and legs, you push upwards with what little strength you have left . . . but your bursting lungs fill with water, and your motionless body slumps slowly to the bottom.

90

"Mm . . . seafood of some kind," says Sebbra enthusiastically, "and I think the black stuff must be seaweed."

"Well, it's certainly not rat – it tastes delicious," you say. When you have both finished eating, which restores 10 of your Strength Points (mark this on your Adventure Chart), the creatures return, lead you to a chamber with what looks like two stone beds in it, and motion you to lie down.

Perhaps it is the food, perhaps exhaustion, but you both fall instantly asleep.

Turn to **142**.

91

Sitting on the steps, you light the lamp. Several fingers lie on the steps beside you, and below is the princess, staring up at you, a corridor leading off into the darkness behind her: "On second thoughts," she says, "I think I'd prefer to stumble around in the dark – you look awful!"

"I'll take that as a compliment in the circumstances," you say as you go down the steps, noticing that small lumps of congealed beer, flour and carrot are beginning to fall off your skin.

If you have a second lamp in your haversack, you can light it and give it to the princess. (Mark this on your Adventure Chart.)

You set off down the corridor, pass hurriedly through a room with turnings to left and right, then notice on a shelf in the wall a set of rusting keys among the cobwebs. If you decide to take them, mark them on your Adventure Chart, keeping within the limit of five items in your haversack.

You carry on down the corridor, and soon hear voices ahead.

Turn to **17**.

92

The two men lead you on down the tunnel, and eventually you see a pool of blue light ahead, and hear the sound of gushing water.

"This's where a spring joins th'sewer," says one of the men. "Y'can wash yersels darn a bit first, then that shaft over there'll take ya up t'the corner o' the Sailors' Cemetery."

The princess gasps in shock as she sees your slimy front in the light of the shaft: "How did you get like that?" she asks.

"It was the piggyback that did it, I'm afraid," you say.

"Well, thank you then," she says.

"Will yer let us go now?" asks one of the men. "An' no 'ard feelins?"

If you decide to let them go, turn to **15**.

If not, turn to **208**.

93

Your boat follows the galley in through the harbour mouth, then heads upstream to the Fisherman's Basin. You are within sight of the quayside when the neighing of a horse reaches your ears.

"That'll be mounted guards checking out the boats!" someone says. "And when they find we've dry nets and no fish, they won't wait for any explanations!"

Hannuk turns the boat and beaches it quickly on the far shore. "Grab any weapon you can find under the nets, and get down that alley-way!" he shouts, as you hear horses' hooves pounding along the far shore of the river, then over the Fish Street bridge towards you.

If you do not have a weapon other than your dagger, you can snatch up a sword and scabbard, and sling them on your belt as you slip into the alley.

Mark the new weapon on your Adventure Chart, if you take it, and turn to **214.**

94

All eyes turn pleading to the princess. "Well really!" she says. "I'm a princess – do you think I'd carry money?"

"It's back the way we came, then," says Hannuk.

Turn to **212.**

95

"Get Filk to pass the long spear up to help keep this lot at bay," you mutter. "The other spear – down to the back." Then, in a louder voice, "Who *has* got the papers, then?"

Low chuckles are coming from the troopers above: they know they have all the time in the world, and you have precious little.

If there is a bell in your haversack, turn to **48.**

If not, turn to **136.**

96

Placing yourself in the crowd as far away as you can from any barbarians, you see Arkian horsemen trotting proudly up Parade Street.

"When I rush forward, make two ranks like a tunnel to get me back to this alley-way," you tell the men, "then close in and cover us from the rear!"

The princess' horse draws near. You edge forward, flanked on either side by a ragged line of comrades, getting longer and straighter with each second . . .

You leap at the princess, pull her from her horse and drag her back through the human tunnel as Gothmoi and Arkian troopers fight to break through. At the mouth of the alley, you stop in your tracks: a score of Gothmoi are coming up it towards you, taking their time . . .

How *could* they have known? You let go of the princess to draw your weapon and fight for your life.

As you tumble bleeding to the ground, the last thing you see – before an Arkian swordsman shuts your eyes for ever – is the evil, wizened face of a man riding in a carriage down Parade Street, a sickening smile on his face.

97

Heaving on the corpse with your foot, it rolls out into the chamber, revealing a strange-looking stone on the floor – smooth, round and dull red, with weird characters carved on it.

If you have High Tongue, turn to **167.**

If not, turn to **24.**

98

As you come into the light of his torch, you wait for him to bark an order at you: but his hand goes to his sword first. You have no choice other than to fight him now. You draw your weapon and rush him, striking the first

blow. Apart from his sword and chainmail, he has 22 Strength Points, but no special skills. You can flee after any round. If you kill him, you can take his sword. (Mark this on your Adventure Chart.)

If you survive the encounter, you hurry on to the Fisherman's Basin. Turn to **44**.

99

Hannuk pulls a length of rope from his haversack and ties one end to your wrist. "That's not your weapon arm, is it? Good – tie both her wrists with the other end."

"One'll do!" she cuts in. "I won't be able run very fast with both hands tied, will I?"

You and Hannuk look at each other – she's right.

Half running, half walking, you carry on up a steep cobbled lane.

"Sssh! What's that?" one of you says. You all stand still: ahead, from around a bend, is coming a weird sound, like a crowd of people moaning.

If you want to turn back, and find another route to safety, turn to **163**.

If you decide to carry on, turn to **22**.

100

"Look, see, Master Magician, it's enormous," says a voice. "Us two can't shore that lot up b'tonight, not 'n our own . . . an' not for what you're payin' us anyway. Need at least two more men . . . or double pay, o' course . . ."

"You'll do the job by tonight, and you'll do it for a Ship apiece!" roars the magician.

"Oh, no we won't! Not touchin' it for that. An' we'll go an' tell all about yer . . . wotsname . . . nickermancy!"

The magician's voice changes gear at this point: "Orkri risail udra tumberi gar mosharbrozul . . . catirril algri minoi har!"

"Sorry, what was that?" says one of the workmen, but he is not left in doubt for long. Earth starts crumbling off the walls of the chamber: flimsy squares of rusted and flaking iron fall to the ground, and out of the holes slowly slide the feet of skeletons.

"Oh, no! He's raising the dead!" you murmur. Soon the first skeleton is standing in the chamber, clad in antique and rotting armour, the bones of its hand wielding a cutlass mechanically. It starts lumbering in stiff-legged strides towards the workmen as others join it from the walls, then from out of the tunnel opposite.

If you are hiding in a passage, turn to **68**.

If you are watching from above, turn to **219**.

101

"Let's get somewhere safe before we run into any more trouble," says Hannuk. "The Galley Becalmed is our only hide-out now, and I've got the keys to the cellar."

You hurry through the backstreets to the tavern, and creep into the cellar to take stock of events.

Turn to **140**.

102

You all set off through backstreets, your horse in the middle, and cross Parade Street up by Master Melfi's in Smaerd Street. Then you double back through more backstreets, and dismount in a small square near the Temple.

"I'll scout a bit closer," offers one of the men, and is back a minute later: "There's a tiny square right by the Temple . . ."

Leaving two men behind with the horses, the rest of you move on.

Turn to **131**.

103

Out of the corner of your eye, you see a large rat scurrying along the walkway on the other side of the sewer. Training the crossbow on it, you let fly your bolt.

If you have Marksmanship Skill, turn to **46**.

If not, turn to **124**.

104

You reach the vestibule without the Companions spotting you, and check out the door with your ear: voices of Arkian troopers, chatting about the prospects of a Salos tavern-crawl in the evening.

It's all right for some, you think, as you lead the princess back quickly to the steel trapdoor, grab the ring, and pull it open: "Ladies first!" As she reluctantly

starts down some stone steps, you spot an unlit lamp hanging on a hook on the vestibule wall, and take it. (Mark it on your Adventure Chart as a hand-held item.)

The Companions burst through the archway as you slip through the trapdoor and grab a ring to shut it. But one of them grabs the door before it slams. A long row of fingers is soon tugging on the door while you swing with all your weight on it from below. Strong Companions . . . you draw your dagger and wave it around through the gap: the door slams shut on your arm, and you have to drag it in bleeding before you can slide the bolt.

Turn to **206**.

105

The pool of light gives way to blackness again, relieved only by the yellow glow of your lamp. You both tread on and on, and you begin to doubt there is a door at all.

"What's that ahead . . .?" says the princess in a voice that trails off as she half guesses the answer.

Two yellow dots of light are shining in the black beyond the reach of your lamp. You both stop, and the lights grow a little larger, and farther apart. There is a scuffling sound, then more dots appear beyond.

"Oh, no!" she moans. "It's rats, as big as dogs, and I'm not even keen on the usual variety!"

"Me too," you say with a shudder. "Quick, climb on my back!"

She has only just cleared the ground when your first visitor steps into the lamp-light. It is huge, and hungry-looking. You both stare at it as it stands there, savouring the prospect of such a rich meal before it takes its first bite. Then another steps into the light, then another . . .

Do you turn and run back to the shaft? If so, turn to **7**.

Do you still try for a door? If so, turn to **58**.

106

"How in the name of the goddess are we going to get onto that galley . . . and off again?" mutters one of the men. His words echo what everyone is thinking.

"We're going to have to improvise," you say with more conviction than you feel. "We've done it before, and lived to tell the tale. How about a couple of us posing as legless drunks, silencing the sentries, then giving the signal for the rest to steal on board?"

"Pathetic," says the same melancholy voice.

"Come on, give it a try. Only two of us need to take the risks to start with – and I'll be one of them. The rest can come out from hiding only if it works."

You take the silence to mean agreement. "Anybody got some brandy on them?" you ask.

"Swig Snatterli's got a flask of spirits, but it'll be empty by now, I expect," says Hannuk.

"Take Swig along with you then," says the moaner, "He's got a bellyful of liquid bravery in him already!"

You spot Swig at the back, swaying gently in the moonlight, eyes firmly crossed. Hardly fighting fit, you think to yourself . . . but at least he'll be convincing. Emptying the last few drops of brandy from the flask into the cup of your hand, you rub it over your face.

"Wait for my signal: a drunken 'To the tavern, boys!' Then slip out from hiding, and creep on board."

Throwing your arm over Swig's shoulder, you both stagger out onto the quayside.

Turn to **52**.

107

You look down the quay: to your horror, you see Hannuk and the others have lost patience, and are emerging from the shadows.

With an aching arm, you unsheathe your dagger and stuff it in your belt, then wrest the sheath itself free, grab it with each hand on either side of the rope, and slide down to the bollard with the speed of an arrow. You soon remember there is no way to slow down an arrow,

and let go just before the bollard makes a close acquaintance with your belly.

Scrambling to your feet, you chase after your comrades just as they gain the gangplank. "Run for your lives!" you call, and you all scurry back across the quay to the nearest alley-way. Everyone who left the tavern is there: so you all race back to your hide-out.

Turn to **39.**

108

You slip down the alley-way, hoping you have not yet been seen, and hurry on in the dark, glancing over your shoulder for any sign of the torch: but he is not following. You soon join the main path again, and reach the Fisherman's Basin without further mishap.

Turn to **44.**

109

"They've spotted us," says Hannuk. "Let's stay put and watch them make their move."

Two unarmed Gothmoi stagger onto the rock with a chest, put it down, then jump into their boat again.

"Time we delivered our part of the bargain," says Hannuk.

If you are wearing Sebbra's clothes, turn to **83.**

If not, turn to **28.**

110

Their mouths open wider when their eyes come to rest on your face. They back away, then they look at your comrades.

"Leave this to us," Hannuk tells them in a poor imitation of a Gothmoi voice, and they turn confused as he nods to two Resistance men standing near the gate. Just as a guard turns again, you all pounce on them with weapons drawn, and cut them to the ground.

Turn to **179.**

111

You shuffle to a halt, slowly turn, then head back to what already looks like a fish omelette, there are so many flies on the bit of hand. But towards you come the Resistance, shoulder to shoulder and spanning the whole street, as if they were Gothmoi on annual parade.

Idiots, you think, as you stumble against the Temple wall to escape a trampling. Hannuk is nearest you: as they sweep past, he spits, "Keep down, move fast, and you're safe."

Turn to **5.**

112

You sit staring at the bowls until what is in them has gone as cold as the stone. Eventually the creatures return: you are motioned to get up, led to a chamber with two stone beds in it, and gestured to lie on them. You both fall instantly asleep.

Turn to **142.**

113

At last the long spear is brought up beside you, and you step back for an instant's respite from the fray. Behind you the other trooper is locked in combat with one of your comrades, while someone is ringing the bell with all his might. Ahead, scores of troopers wait patiently to take the place of your opponent should he fall, whilst a spearman is coming down the gangplank to aid him.

You must now join battle again, once more striking the first blow. Should you kill your foe, his place is instantly taken by the spearman, with mail and plate armour and 26 Strength Points, who strikes the next blow.

If you survive the next two rounds of combat, turn to **162.**

114

You call out: "We're the Resistance and . . ."

"We can feel that," the man calls back, as he and his accomplices carry on heaving, "but you'll be pushing against our swords in a minute."

"No . . . *the* Resistance, fighting the tyrant Luko . . . Gothmoi guards are after us . . . but they'll deal with you just as readily . . . especially if you've got brandy under that wool."

As if on cue, the clatter of hooves tells you the barbarians have found the entrance to the alley-way. The pressure slackens a little. You carry on: "None of us can

outrun horsemen, least of all you with these precious carts. So stop pushing, and let's ambush them all! It's our only hope!"

The cart stops still.

If you have Streetfighting Skill, turn to **182.**

If not, turn to **23.**

115

You jump in among the rearing horses and weave your way between their legs towards the guard. He has 21 Strength Points and leather armour as well as the spear, and strikes the first blow.

You can flee after any round, turning to **30.**

If you kill him, turn to **166.**

116

It zips into his forehead with a thud, and he slumps to the floor. The others stop in their tracks, turn, then scurry off along the tunnel, leaving Sebbra free. You abandon the crossbow, as you have no bolt.

Turn to **161.**

117

A well-timed blow sinks deep into his shoulder, but he has time before toppling from his horse to yell: "Ambush! Go down Whale Street!" just as the princess' advance guard reaches the crossroads.

A bugle blows and the Gothmoi opposite charge, cutting you off from the procession. Behind you, more barbarians are closing in from the top of Ship Street.

You draw your weapons to fight for your lives as the princess disappears down Whale Street: but hemmed in and outnumbered, you tumble one by one from your horses, until the last man lies dead or dying under the horses' hooves.

118

The horrible realisation that someone has set fire to your legs brings you round. In front of your eyes is the face of the princess in the lamp-light. You sit up to find your legs not ablaze, but white cloth is sticking out of your tattered boots. Then you see a giant rat in the corner and, as your mouth opens to scream, it is clamped tight by her hand.

"They're out there," she whispers. "Gothmoi – just the other side of the door, but it's bolted now. And the rat's dead – I killed it with your dagger."

You notice a small trail of blood from your legs to the slit under the door.

"Yes," she whispers, "they know we're here. Do you think you can walk?"

"Let's try," you murmur. She helps you to your feet, swings your haversack and one of your arms over her shoulder, and you notice her robe is a lot shorter than it was. You both shuffle off down a corridor, then stagger up some steps till you reach a room, with two passages leading from it, one up and one down.

"Which way, do you think?" you ask.

"Down – I've already checked the other one: it leads to a trapdoor with Gothmoi above it."

You tread downwards, weaker by 10 Strength Points but alive at least (mark this on your Adventure Chart), and then you hear voices ahead.

Turn to **17.**

119

Two sewer-men wander up to the doorway, lamps in hand, when one says to the other, "Look wot we 'ave 'ere!"

With their toes they cautiously prod two carcasses on the floor, only a few tatters of flesh and rags hanging from their bones.

"Well, just goes t'prove what that old fella said 'bout summonin' things, dunnit?"

"Hey, look! 'S a ring on that finger! Shall we . . .?"

"Nar, wouldn' be right, stealin' from the dead, would it?"

The two men roll the skeletons – yours and the princess's – into the sewer with their feet, and stroll off, sniggering.

120

You look around to see the Resistance men have slain the rest of the guards, and are busy stripping the corpses of their armour. You take a set of leather armour and a spiked helmet, and can pick a sword or spear as well, remembering to keep within your limit of two weapons, before you all set off along the coast in Hannuk's boat.

Mark the new items on your Adventure Chart, and turn to **190.**

121

Hurrying along the parapet, you begin to realise the desperation of your position. The only ways down are a staircase leading to a yard below which is quickly filling with Gothmoi: or over the wall.

Telling Sebbra to stay back, you tread with heavy gait to the top of the staircase, and await your fate.

Several Gothmoi die at your hands, but the rest soon have the last word, and throw you to your death over the parapet.

122

You are astonished to hear words of High Tongue spoken: "What Manner of Machine might this Man wield?" asked the strange creature. So they've never seen a crossbow, you think as three of the creatures advance. So they don't fear it, unless . . .

If you have Persuasion Skill, turn to **196.**

If not, you must show them the power of the crossbow by using it: turn to **103.**

123

"Well, that settles it," says Hannuk. "We'll be kidnapping the princess in Parade Street, on the way to the Temple."

If you are unhappy with the decision, and have Persuasion Skill, you can talk the Resistance men into adopting either of the other two plans. Otherwise, you have to accept their verdict.

Make a note of the plan you will all be following, and turn to **178.**

124

The rat leaps into the air, its hair on end, and dives into the sewage as the bolt sinks into a metal door beside it with a resounding clang.

The creatures in front of you back away slowly till they reach Sebbra, pause for a moment in deep thought, then scurry off, leaving her free.

You take a step towards her, but it is your last: another bolt streaks through the sewer's dank air, and buries itself in the back of your neck.

125

You feel your way down the steps, and bump into the princess at the bottom. "Didn't you bring a lamp down with you?" she asks.

"Yes, but there was no tinder with it. I wonder if they keep any down here . . .?"

Reaching out with your fingertips, you start scanning the wall for a shelf or a niche, but find nothing. "I'm going to try farther down the passage," you say. "Stay close."

The two of you grope your way along the corridor, through what seems like a doorway, then turn to follow another wall, then go through another doorway.

If you have Orientation Skill, turn to **71.**

If not, turn to **29.**

126

The words you recognise as High Tongue, but so worn are they, and so gloomy the vestibule, that it is hard to decipher them.

Do you stop to unravel their meaning? If so, turn to **191.**

Do you move on to the archway? If so, turn to **40.**

127

The words are all too plain to you – and the last you wanted to hear:

"What's that comin' up from the back – they're a very strange kind of guard."

"I think the troopers might have spotted us," you mutter to Hannuk. "They're in the procession behind us somewhere."

"That blasted white robe!" he curses under his breath. "Stands out a mile in a funeral!"

"Well, don't blame me," says the princess gloomily, "I came here for a betrothal, not a burial . . ."

". . . And we're going to make sure you get neither," you say, at which she seems to cheer up.

Do you push straight on through the mourners? If so, turn to **156.**

Do you keep your place, to stay on the right side of the undertakers? If so, turn to **51.**

128

"What do we do now?" asks Sebbra from the black void above.

"I'd better try getting back up again," you say, but minutes pass while you try to make contact with the edge of the floor, or Sebbra's hands, but in vain.

"I can't do it in pitch darkness," you say at last.

"It won't be pitch dark for much longer," she whispers. "There's a light coming down that tunnel." You turn, and see the tunnel entrance has a faint glow of yellow in it.

"I'm staying up here for the time being – watch out for places to hide as the light gets brighter."

An angry voice sounds in the tunnel and, as the chamber brightens, you spot a black square in a wall, which looks like a small passage. You creep into it, and hide in the shadows as men reach the chamber.

Turn to **100.**

129

Without warning, the hands slide from your faces and you find yourselves standing on a walkway in the sewers, dimly lit by a shaft of daylight coming down a staircase. On the floor beside you are your weapons and haversack.

You turn to the creatures, but they have vanished: then you hear the voices of Gothmoi down the tunnel. You both start climbing the stairs, and reach a manhole.

"Thank the gods, we're above ground again," whispers Sebbra as you peek out into the afternoon sun – and find you are in the middle of a deserted courtyard.

Footsteps on the stairs below tell you there is no time to waste. You step out into the sunlight and hurry into the nearest doorway as a Gothmoi voice shouts, "Dey're in da ware'ouse!"

A ladder leads up to a platform where you could hide. You both run up it, and get out of sight by a crate of oranges as guards steal in – two spearmen and an archer – weapons at the ready: "Dey're not 'ere!" calls one of them. "Dey are, an' we stay 'ere till we get 'em!" calls another.

"Let's swing on that rope to the pile of crates with the sacks on," whispers Sebbra, pointing to the rope on the right. You nod agreement, but wonder what to do first to make your escape safer . . .

If you have a crossbow *and* bolt, and want to use them first, turn to **84.**

If you want to throw an orange first, turn to **66.**

If you have a dagger or sword, and want to cut the rope on the left first, turn to **16.**

130

"Hannuk, there's a cutter coming for us!" you call. All heads spin round.

"Let's make a run for it!" shouts one of the men.

"Don't be such a fool!" calls Hannuk. "We're going fishing, that's all. Let's just hope they don't search the boat, and find the weapons under the nets . . ."

You are well out to sea before the cutter pulls alongside, with four Gothmoi standing in the prow, spears at the ready.

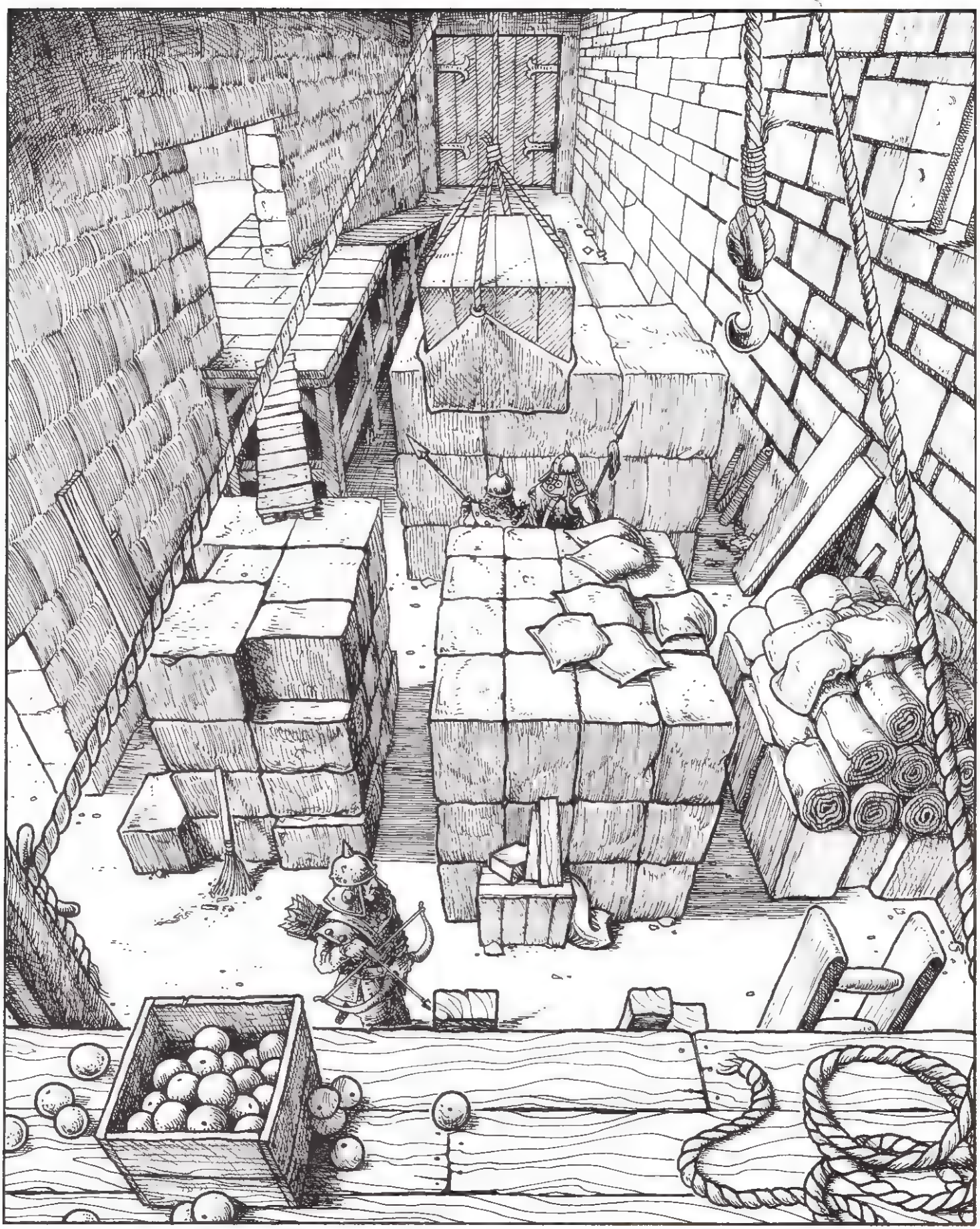
"Where d'ya think yer goin'?" shouts one of them.

"Night fishing, sir!" calls Hannuk.

"So late?" a Gothmoi calls back.

"Had to mend the nets, sir!" Hannuk replies.

A halberd slides out and hooks onto your bow. Then a



guard jumps on board, but a bit too enthusiastically, and nearly topples over the far side into the water. The Resistance men scarcely manage to stifle a hoot of laughter as he scrabbles around the deck close by you, trying to find his feet in a rocking boat in the dark.

Pick a number from the Table of Fortune:

If it is 5 or less, turn to **86.**
If it is 6 or more, turn to **9.**

131

You send a scout forward, and he is soon back with surprising news: "She's in there already, judging by the crowd. Some Arkian troopers are posted on the side entrance, looking ready for anything. Couldn't actually see if the door was open or not, because you have to go down steps to get to it.

"But there's absolutely no security on the front! Well, a few Gothmoi holding the crowds back at the bottom of the steps, but there's bags of room to slip round the corners of the Temple behind them, and straight in! They've even let a mean-looking old codger wander about on the steps!"

"Not my old man, by any chance?" pipes up a wit.

"Oh no, I mean *mean*," he says with a smile. "Thin, cruel lips, moustache and beard to match."

"That's enough," says Hannuk. "Well, Edrix, it's your show. How do we play it?"

If you want to go in through the front, turn to **87.**

If you decide to take the side entrance, turn to **49.**

132

The most repulsive and evil-sounding voice then comes through the window: "Gold, Your Most Excellent Majesty, is best tried in the fire. I will say nothing of my powers: but I will demonstrate them willingly. You are, this minute, in very real danger . . ."

"How convenient for you," cuts in the beautiful voice of a young woman, but in a tone which only thinly disguises her loathing. "What danger?"

"It comes from the quayside. Armed brigands who no doubt think they can kidnap you . . . or even kill you."

"And what do you propose to do about it?" asks the young woman. You strain your neck to see if you can spot the seneschal, and sure enough, you sight a mean

and wizened face, with a razor-thin moustache over its thin, cruel lips, and a pointed beard glistening with oil.

"Very little," he says. "Because very little will be needed to deal with them. You need only lower a boat on the other side, with a few of your guards in it: and unfasten the gangplank at the top."

"For what will all this be?" a grave-sounding voice asks – no doubt the commander of the troopers.

"The brigands will all come up the gangplank if you let them," says the seneschal. "A timely push on the gangplank and they will all tumble into the water below. Your boat can then deal with them easily."

"Do all this," the commander says to someone. "Now let us climb to the poop deck for a discreet view. Will you join us, Your Majesty?"

"No, thank you," she answers, and then, after a door shuts, "I only wish someone *would* come and get me out of here."

Turn to **107.**

133

Writhing this way and that, you feel your lungs filling more and more with water, and your movements getting ever slower.

By the time the creatures find you, your life is over, your limbs waving with the water like a sea anemone.

134

Grabbing the ladder, you step over the magician and use it to fend off the undead as you pick your way to Sebbra, at the ready under the edge of the hole.

You wedge the bottom of the ladder between some lumps of masonry, and swing the top towards the floor of the corridor. It reaches.

You both clamber up and climb safely into the corridor.

"Can *they* climb ladders?" she asks.

"Don't know," you reply.

You haul the ladder up after you, then abandon it farther along the corridor.

Turn to **45**.

135

You take up positions where the crowd is thickest – some of you lining the route, some hidden in an alley close by. You can see right down the street and, in the distance, spot horsemen coming up it from the docks.

A Gothmoi saunters past, carelessly swinging a mace at the legs of the onlookers to keep them on their toes.

If you are wearing a spiked helmet, and have Disguise Skill, you can try finding out what he knows: in which case, turn to **53**.

Otherwise, turn to **218**.

136

A whoop of appreciation rises from the serried ranks of Arkian troopers as you turn to fight the guard. But he is fit and skilful, and wounds you twice in the arm before the long spear is brought up to stave him off.

You look along the ship's side, and see more guards casually lowering another gangplank. You snatch a glance behind you: the sentry on the quayside is calmly holding you all in with a few well-timed thrusts of his sword.

Before long, reinforcements reach him, and your fate is sealed. At last, two troopers stand on the gangplank, counting the dead.

"A cheer for the gallant losers!" one of them calls out. "They did fight most bravely for a rabble!"

137

Springing through the doorway, you dive for the cord just as he turns to face you – showing the whitest of faces and glaring crimson eyes.

If you have Tumbling Skill, turn to **8**.

If not, turn to **175**.

138

"Let's go!" yells Sebbra, and you both clutch the rope on the right, swing out, hang for a moment in the air, then drop onto sacks – but as you land, a quick-witted spearman jabs at the ladder leading to the upper platform, and it clatters to the floor.

You realise you can no longer reach the high door above:

If you want to jump to the ground and flee through the open door you came in by, turn to **173**.

If you decide to jump on the spearmen, you must fight a round of combat with one of them before fleeing to the double doors. You strike the first blow, and your foe has 22 Strength Points, leather armour, and his spear.

Should you survive the round, you race for the doors: turn to **221**.

139

"Time for the cloak to come off, I think," you say, and low gasps come from the men. "Cracking and peeling nicely, is it? Good job it's not raining!" The joke picks up their spirits a bit.

"Now, give me a start, then come round the corner and do your best to hold them off while I get in!"

Just as you reach the corner you turn round and whisper, "They do have lepers in Arkis, don't they?"

You leave the low chuckles and your cloak behind, and turn to meet your fate. (Mark off the cloak on your Adventure Chart.) As you shuffle towards the troopers you see them starting to nudge each other nervously. A layer of ulcerous flesh peels slowly off your hand, dangles a moment, then flops to the ground. The troopers have seen enough, and start backing down the street, weapons drawn.

Now you hear footsteps behind you, and you rack your brains thinking of what a leper might turn back for. A piece of hand, perhaps . . .?

If you had to put aside the armour and spiked helmet of a Gothmoi guard to wear your rags, turn to **111.**

If not, turn to **62.**

140

Hannuk sends two men off to gather as many Resistance fighters as they can find, and bring them back with all the arms they can lay their hands on, while the rest discuss tactics.

Flume the tavern-keeper, a member of the Resistance himself, asks if any of you need some food. For sixty Smecks you can buy a large plate of cod and carrots, restoring 10 of your Strength Points. (Mark this on your Adventure Chart if you decide to buy some – and an extra piece of cod for your haversack if you want to pay another forty Smecks.)

If your plan is to get aboard the ship, turn to **192.**

If you are going to make the snatch in Parade Street, turn to **165.**

If you have decided to steal into the Temple of the Sea Goddess, turn to **27.**

141

You hear the noise of feet trundling over loose rock, and you both wait to see if the men come your way.

"Look," you whisper quickly, "I'm sorry it's all turning out to be so . . . er . . . fraught, but I really didn't expect it to be. We're just trying to stop you marrying Luko, and I'm getting the feeling you wouldn't be heartbroken if you didn't."

"You're right," says the princess, "I don't want to marry him . . . but who are you?"

"I'm his nephew, Prince Edrix." She gasps. "He tried to kill me. I'm trying to get the throne back."

"I'm Sebbra, and I think I'm on your side."

No lights come your way, so you both edge forward, round a gentle bend. You both stop when the stone floor ahead fails to be lit by the light of your lamp. A huge hole in the masonry is barring your path.

"I wonder how big the drop is," you say quietly.

"Only one way of finding out – safely," she answers, lying face down on the floor. As she starts to crawl forward you whisper, "But *I* should be doing that."

"This *is* the year 1000 you know – and you're heavier than me, anyway. Get back a bit with the lamp, and stay back till I signal you."

If you take her advice and stay back, turn to **170.**

If you want to go to the edge yourself, turn to **54.**

142

Damp hands awaken you, and you find the sleep has restored 8 Strength Points. (Mark this on your Adventure Chart). You are lifted from your beds, and hands are clamped over your eyes again.

"Here we go!" says Sebbra as you are led this way and that for what seems an age, squeezing once more through the narrowest of passageways.

"Let Us know to which Place You take Us," you ask your captors – or is it hosts?

"Into the Ocean," comes the unnerving reply.

At last you come to a stop, the hands fall from your eyes, and you find yourselves in an underground cavern, with water filling the bottom – sea water, by the smell of it.

"Inhale as might a great Tempest, for into the Ocean We descend," one of the creatures informs you, letting great lungfuls of air in and out of himself.

"What's going on?" asks Sebbra, who is getting increasingly confused.

"He says it's time for some deep breathing – we're going for a swim. I think they're going to help us out."

The creatures lead you gently into the water, and you notice they have your haversack and weapons with them, strapped fast to their bodies.

A final deep breath and they take you under, swimming down and down . . .

If you have 20 or more Strength Points, turn to **2.**

If not, turn to **201.**

143

Dodging a tangle of skeletons that are shambling this way and that, bumping into props and each other, and mostly handless, you turn to see the two workmen dead, and Sebbra behind you, cutlass in hand.

"Don't chop any more hands off if you can help it," she says. "I think these ancient warriors are going to be our rearguard pretty soon – even if they are a trifle underweight."

A quick glance up the tunnel shows more undead shuffling slowly towards the chamber; the pile of rubble has subsided under the desperate tread of so many feet, covered in flesh or otherwise; and the floor of the corridor above is well out of reach. The magician lies dead at the entrance to a small passage on the other side of the chamber.

If you want to go into the passage before deciding on your escape route, turn to **13.**

If you have Tumbling Skill, and want to use it to try and escape now, turn to **155.**

If you want to try and fight your way down the tunnel, turn to **210.**

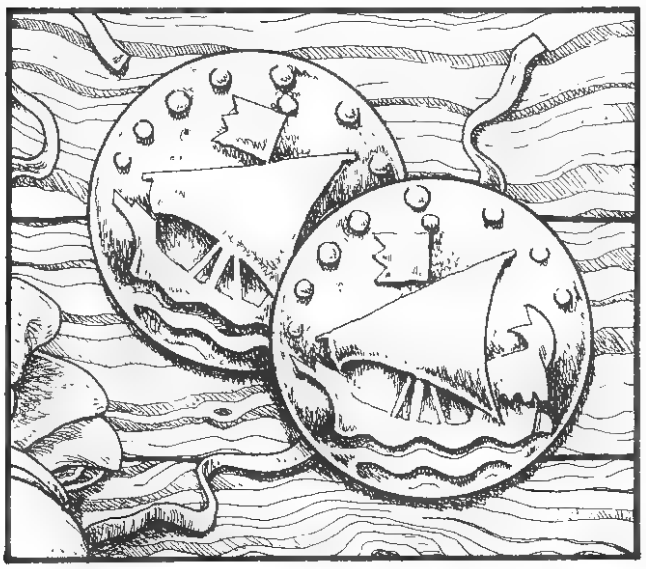
144

Weaving silently through the departing crowds, you leave through the side entrance, looking out for Hannuk in the moonlight – and for any Silent Watchers. At last you spot him, leaning against a pillar: "Coming for some night fishing, then?" he calls as you draw up.

"Why not?" you reply.

"Now?" he asks.

"No – I need to pick up my pay first."



"See you at the Basin in an hour then: there's a lot of work to do."

He makes off with a quick glance to left and right, and you head for the Snake and Charmer as fast as the crowd will let you. Flinging the door open, you see Master Melfi is still sharing out the money:

". . . And the last two Ships are for Brun . . ."

He breaks off when he sees you in the doorway.

". . .for Bruntril and Dermik between them!"

You take the Ship and sneak out of the tavern when no one is watching.

Mark the money on your Adventure Chart and turn to **188.**

145

"Now!" shouts Sebbra, and you both grab the rope, swing out, then drop amongst the sacks on the pile of bales.

Turn to **211.**

146

Springing from behind the archway, you run to grab her but she turns from her prayers, horror fills her face and she lets out a piercing shriek before collapsing on the marble floor.

You stoop to pick her up while her scream still echoes through the hall, but the dead weight is deceptively heavy. Before you can lift her, the hall is ringing with the sound of armour. As the Companions close in, you play your last card, and turn to face them . . .

Turn to **174.**

147

Then she pulls a ring from her finger: "I think this will be worth more to you, though," she says. "It's my signet. You can use it to send me messages. But you're going to be leading a dangerous life for a while, and it could fall into the wrong hands, so I'll never trust a message completely. Send the ring itself, though, and I'll know you need an army . . . and I'll send you one."

Mark the ring on your Adventure Chart, and turn to **223.**

148

"Over the side!" you call to the men, and leap into the darkness. Hurtling downwards, you hit the water with a mighty splash, but the weight of your arms adds to your momentum, and your feet sink into the mud of the bottom.

If you have 15 or more Strength Points, turn to **197.**

If you have 14 or less, turn to **89.**

149

"Look – up there," says Blishett, pointing to the sky. "He's been going round and round like that for a while now . . ."

You see the silhouette of a giant vulture against the paling night sky, circling silently right above your heads. But as you watch, it comes lower, and you hear the air beaten by its enormous wings as it lands at your feet. Blishett steps back, drawing his sword.

"Touch that bird and I'll kill you!" you snap. Blishett freezes and the vulture starts pecking at the ground, making a strangely metallic sound. You peer closer, but it is still too dark to see.

"Bring a light," you tell Blishett, who brings a lamp on a pole, and lights it.

"The dumb bird's pecking at a manhole cover," he says, chuckling nervously. You see an iron ring on it, grab it and lift the cover off: the lamp-light shows steps leading down. The vulture caws contentedly, then starts pecking at the lamp-pole, now shaking in the man's hands. You take the lamp from him, and start climbing down . . .

The vulture caws again, then with a flurry of air, beats its way back into the sky, and is gone.

"Well, I never!" says Blishett. You climb out of the manhole, close it, and join Hannuk again.

Turn to **65.**

150

"I'll try and draw some of them off. Choose your best moment to strike," you say, and saunter round the corner, passing the troopers with a courteous "Good day", and carrying on till you reach the front corner. Then you stop in your tracks, spin round, and come dashing back to the guards, shouting "They're kidnapping the princess on the front steps!"

A cool-headed captain barks out orders: "Secure this man!" Two troopers pin you against the wall with their swords. "You three . . . to the front! Weapons raised if there is trouble, weapons down if there is not!"

Three troopers speed away, and you know your fate is sealed. Your comrades burst round the corner to rescue you, but your body is the first of many to fall lifeless to the dust.

151

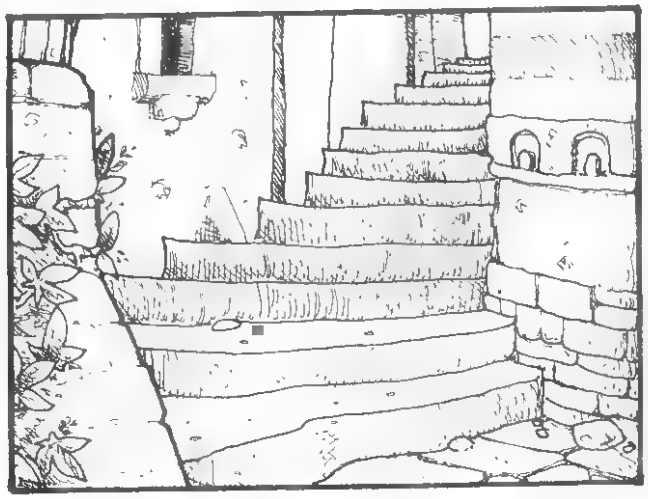
Leading your men through the crowds towards Ship Street, you spot a small turning off to the right. You nudge Hannuk: "That could lead to Ship Street, couldn't it?" He nods. "Then pass the word on – cross Parade Street in ones and twos, and meet down the turning!"

Safely across, you gather in the turning and hurry on. Round a bend, the lane narrows to an alley and at the end is Ship Street. You creep towards it, passing an open gateway with a barrow in it.

"Two of you," you say, "stay with the barrow and roll it out the moment we're past."

Roars are coming from the crowds on Parade Street as you station yourselves in the alley – then you hear the clacking of horses' hooves in Ship Street ahead . . .

Arkian horsemen trot by, then the princess' horse is in front of you. In one action you spring out and drag her from her mount while the rest fend off the guards. Hannuk helps you bundle her into the alley while the others cover your backs.



Down the alley you stumble, pulling the princess kicking and screaming with you. As you pass the barrow, a voice calls from behind: "Keep going! We'll hold them off a while!"

You stagger on, helped by Hannuk and two others, turn a bend, then haul your prize up a flight of steps.

Turn to **99**.

152

Your boat presses on towards the farthermost rocks when Hannuk murmurs, "There they are!" You glimpse a small boat through the Teeth of Magra, with three men in it, making for the south rock.

Your men pull harder on their oars, and soon you have reached your station. You all stay in the boat, peering round the rock as the sun sinks below the horizon and the bank of dark cloud looms overhead.

The Gothmoi boat reaches the south rock, and suddenly you shiver, feeling a lot less confident. The two men at the oars are Gothmoi all right, but the man at the helm is not: you can just make out his features – a wizened old face and thin pointed beard.

If you have a dull red stone in your haversack, turn to **41**.

Otherwise, turn to **109**.

153

The conversation tells you a lot about their plans for you:

"Shall we take them to the door?" said one.

"Nar, we stop at the shaft by the water – and while they're washing, we go tell the guards," was the reply.

Turn to **92**.

154

Delving into the haversack, you pull out the stone and gaze at it, wondering what secrets it holds, and if they could save you.

"If only another army of undead could rise out of that hole, we could get back to that turning," you say morosely. "I think I'd rather face red lights than the bolts of your crossbow-men."

You both lean your backs against the wall, and slide down to sit on the floor, without strength or hope.

"I'll plead for you with all my might," says the princess, "but I don't want to give you false hopes. That seneschal of Luko's is calling the tune now."

Another shout comes from down the corridor:

"Trouble, sir! Yet more warring cadavers gathering in the hole!"

You both look at each other, spring to your feet, douse your light, and grope towards the passage.

Before you reach it, you hear the clash of steel on steel, and see a line of troopers in the light of their lamps at the far edge of the hole, looking down and urging their comrades on. One of them is no trooper, though – his mean face and thin beard send a shiver down your spine. He slowly looks up, but you are already in the turning.

Turn to **50**.

155

"Could you stay standing on my shoulders for a couple of seconds?" you ask Sebbra. She nods. You quickly kneel next to a prop a few feet away from the edge of the hole.

"Hold on to the prop and climb up!" you call. With hands gripping both her feet, you slowly stand – wobble a bit as one of the undead, fortunately one-handed, lurches into you – then stagger to the edge of the hole.

"Got it!" she yells, and you feel the weight ease from your shoulders as she scrambles to safety.

With a timely swipe at a point just behind a cutlass that is coming your way, you reach the prop, grab a cutlass from the ground and send it deep into the wood, level with your head. Then you shin up, stand on the blade, tread it for strength, then spring . . .

You just make it and, as you take your first step along the corridor, the stonework you landed on groans and crashes down.

You both hurry on down the corridor.

Turn to **45**.

156

Twisting and shoving your way through the mourners, you quickly gain on the coffin: but the undertakers are in dogged pursuit; and worse still, behind them are

spearheads and Arkian helmets bobbing above the heads of the crowd.

You tug on the rope and hurry forward, getting to the coffin just as its bearers reach some cobbles a fisherwoman has just swashed over with a bucket of water.

You tug again: but once too often. The princess slips, and stumbles into the nearest coffin-bearer. Then his own feet part company with the ground and, as he tumbles, the coffin lists heavily, with the other bearers doing a desperate dance to get on an even keel . . . but in vain.

The coffin lurches sideways, crashes onto the cobbles, then rolls over: the lid peels off and out rolls the great seafarer, white with shock.

"Oh, gods protect us!" wails a woman beside you. "He wouldn't have wanted to go this way!" You grab the princess to make a run for it – when Hannuk calls, "They're on us! Get in the coffin!"

He dumps the princess in the front and the others bundle you in behind her, then give a mighty shove. The coffin starts to slither down the slope, then gathers speed, the clash of steel on steel resounding behind you.

By now you are both hurtling down the cobbles at breathtaking speed. Your hands reach out for reins but all they find is the princess' hair streaming in the wind. Then you see ahead a vast hole in the street, and a gang of workmen standing by it, gazing up at you with mouths wide open.

"Bail out!" you scream at the princess, and try rolling over one side of the coffin: but she chooses the other, and the rope pulls you both back inside just as the street comes to an abrupt end . . .

Turn to **64**.

157

You set to work with your dagger on the lock, and after what seems an age of agony, the lock gives.

Turn to **79**.

158

If only I can slip past him, he'll never catch me with all that chainmail on him, you think. Summoning all your vocal skills, you wait till he is just a pace or two away, then use the nearby wall to throw your voice:

"Ya jus' dropped yer money-bag!" you call out in a Gothmoi voice, and his head spins round to the guard he thinks is behind him. For a split second his eyes are off you, and you jump past him, then keep on running without looking back, taking every turning you come to. After a while you duck into a doorway and listen for a moment: you have shaken him off. You head on towards the Fisherman's Basin, and reach it safely.

Turn to **44**.

159

The dust of ages scatters beneath your feet as you tread on. "Not a main highway any more, I'd say," suggests Sebbra.

"Except for spiders," you whisper, brushing cobwebs from your face. You push down the corridor and almost fall headlong into another hole in the floor, where the masonry has caved in. The lamp shows a thin, ragged ledge of stonework sticking out from the wall where the floor was. You creep along it, bodies pressed against the wall, and just make it to the other side before part of the ledge gives way and crashes down into the hole.

At your side is the entrance to a small passage: you look in.

"What was that?" you murmur.

"What?"

"Tiny specks of . . . red light."

You press on down the corridor, but eventually it comes to an abrupt end at an iron door, almost completely hidden by the work of countless spiders. You feel for a handle, find it, and turn, but the door does not give. You notice a keyhole.

If you have a set of keys, and want to try them, turn to **4**.

Otherwise turn to **180**.

160

A quick search of the men's pockets reveals a set of keys – and keys means doors, you think. You can tuck them in your haversack if you want. Then you take both lamps as hand-held items, giving one to the princess, and head off along the tunnel.

Mark what you take on your Adventure Chart, keeping within your limit of five items in your haversack, and turn to **105**.

161

"They came out of nowhere," says Sebbra. "The first thing I knew, they had their hands on me."

"I think I'd prefer your crossbow-men to them," you say. "Let's go down the tunnel for a bit."

You have not gone far when you hear the voices of Arkimen ahead of you.

"Quick," says Sebbra, "let's get into this passageway." You both duck and slip into a dark hole in the tunnel wall.

Turn to **50.**

162

Amidst the ringing of steel on steel, you hear the bell has stopped. "Back to the horses!" yells a voice from behind, and Hannuk pulls you back just as the spear is thrust at you again.

Tumbling down the gangplank, you are snatched up by two of your comrades at the bottom and hauled onto a horse.

"To safety!" roars Hannuk, and you all ride off at a gallop to the nearest alley-way. You turn in your saddle for a last look at the galley: in a window on the poop, lit by a lamp, is the figure of a young woman, gazing out . . . At last you reach the Galley Becalmed, mercifully alive, but with one comrade left dead on the quayside, and no nearer to your goal.

"Oh, here's your haversack back, Edrix," says Squab as you dismount in the courtyard.

Turn to **39.**

163

"There was a turning not far back down the street," you say. "Let's take that!"

You hurry back the way you came, turn left, and soon come to another lane, where you can turn left to go up the hill, or right to go down.

You pause for thought, and to listen. You can hear the same moaning from round a bend above; and from below, a faint and distant tinkling. Could it be the sound of chainmail?

If you want to go up again, turn to **22.**

If you decide to head downhill, turn to **212.**

164

A workman bravely slashes at the neck of the nearest undead: the skull tumbles to the ground, but the rest of the skeleton battles on, still swinging its cutlass.

Springing into the chamber, you call to the men: "You've got help! Keep behind props where you can! And go for the wrists! . . . No, the wrists holding the weapons, stupid!"

Only just enough time to follow your own advice as a cutlass swings perilously close to your neck, and you duck behind a prop. Your undead adversaries each have their swords, 9 Strength Points, and armour worth only 4 points in its flimsy state. Mercifully their Fencing Skills have long since been forgotten. You must face four of them in turn, striking the first blow each time.

Should you reduce a foe's Strength Points to none, it is out of the fight, and you can wrest its sword from its severed hand, using it in later rounds. (Mark the sword on your Adventure Chart if you do this.)

If you survive the four rounds, turn to **143.**

165

Posting a sentry to keep watch in the courtyard through the rest of the night, you all bed down as best you can, spreading out some sacking on the cold stones of the cellar floor . . .

All too soon an arm shaking your shoulder wakes you from a fitful sleep. "It's nearly dawn," comes the hushed voice of Hannuk. "Time we were on our way."

If you have horses tethered outside, and want to use them, turn to **36.**

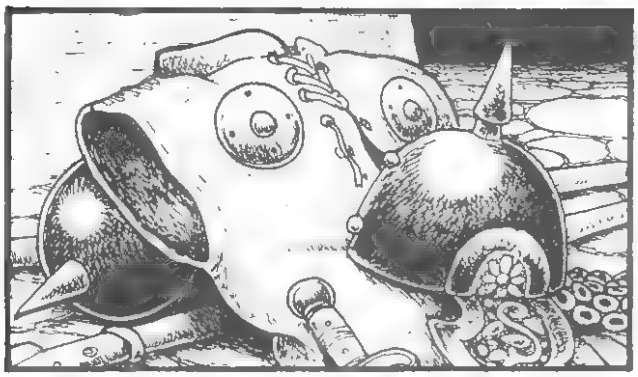
Otherwise, turn to **194.**

166

"Let's take what spoils of war we can," you say triumphantly, grabbing some leather armour, a spiked helmet, and a horse, and encouraging the others to follow suit. (Mark all these on your Adventure Chart.)

The smugglers pull their carts back to let you pass, and you all ride off down the alley. Within minutes you have tethered your horses behind the Galley Becalmed near the docks. It is the only safe tavern the Resistance still have, and you gather in the cellar.

Turn to **140.**



167

In the flickering lamp-light you read these words of High Tongue: "Whosoever holdeth this Stone doth hold also the Power of Summoning."

Turn to **24.**

168

Clawing your way up the rope, you scramble onto the poop deck and crouch in a corner, catching your breath. Surveying the whole galley from your vantage point, you see there is no one in sight. But then a hatch opens behind you and, before you can dive for the mooring rope, you find your way barred by troopers and their commander. Despite a brave struggle, you lie dead within seconds, your blood staining the bleached white planking of the deck.

169

In one swift movement you spread flat on the deck and, with a swing of your legs, scythe the guard down at the ankles. As he tumbles overboard with a splash you call to Hannuk, "He got right under the nets!" Then you call out to the cutter, "He's going to drown with that armour on!" and grab an oar, holding it out to the drowning guard. Amid the commotion you hear the reassuring sound of swords sliding out of their scabbards behind you: the others are doing their work.

"Keep it going!" murmurs Hannuk as your boat edges nearer to the guard . . . and the cutter. You lean out even farther, then do an excellent job of losing your balance and dropping the oar. Five Gothmoi quickly thrust out their spear shafts at their drowning comrade, and five of you lean out of the boat with outstretched arms . . .

But not smart enough, you think to yourself as you all grab the end of a spear each and heave, and five guards join the first one just before he sinks beneath the waves.

"Wet ones first!" shouts Hannuk, and the guards in the water meet their own spearheads as your boat draws alongside the cutter.

You and your men outnumber the remaining guards by two to one. The nearest guard has a sword, leather armour, Fencing Skill and 24 Strength Points, but he faces two of you, so you strike two blows for every one of his. You can grab a spear (mark it on your Adventure Chart) and strike first, but there is no chance to flee.

If you survive, turn to **120.**

170

She crawls towards the hole as you step backwards, until her white robe is a vague patch of dark grey in the black. A minute passes, and nothing happens. You think you hear a tiny sound, like a small pebble dropping, then another, and another. Then she is crawling back to the edge of the lamp-light, and beckoning you.

"There's nothing down there that moves," she says when you reach her. "This floor has collapsed into some kind of chamber, and the pile of rubble it made is only a few feet down – at its highest point."

"How could you see all that without the lamp?"

"Listen: drop little pieces of mortar: and listen. Come and have a look, but keep to the right – the floor's thickest there."

You both creep to the edge with your lamp, and hold it out. Sure enough, a pile of masonry reaches up towards the hole, and around the rubble is a small chamber roughly hewn out of the earth, with the odd wooden prop shoring it up, its sides strangely marked off in squares, and a tunnel leading out of it.

"Do you think we could climb to the other side?" asks Sebbra.

"Touch and go, I should think."

Do you want to go back the way you came? If so, turn to **76.**

Do you jump down into the chamber? If so, turn to **47.**

171

You realise you are hidden from view by the corpse you are still straining to hold up with your dagger.

"No cause for alarm, sir!" you call out in a very convincing Arkian voice. "Merely two drunken sailors who have fallen into the dock."

"Where then is Ortus?" the voice calls back. You notice the sentry's spear is lying on the ground close by: can it be seen from above?

"Making his usual check along the quayside, sir! He should be back in a trice!"

No more questions come from above. You pull your dagger from the man's throat, and with a sigh of relief prop up the body as best you can against a post by the bottom of the gangplank.

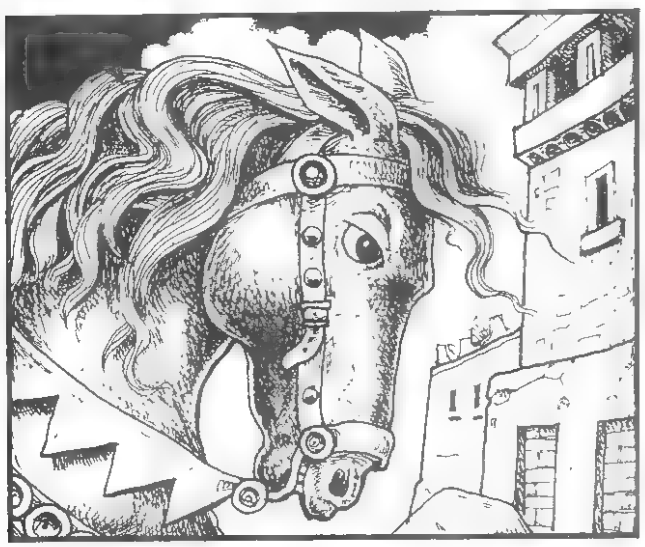
If you have Tumbling Skill, and want to use it, turn to **193**.

If not, turn to **3**.

172

He swings his sword at you, but before the blow can land you are already half-way to the ground, dragging him with you. At the same instant a great cheer erupts from the crowd nearby, drowning his cry of "Ambush!"

Your dagger cuts off his voice for ever as Hannuk calls to the men to peel back. And quick thinking from your comrades puts several horses between you and the princess' advance guard as they trot past you into Ship Street, unsuspecting. Hannuk is beside you, holding the reins of your horse. You leap back into the saddle as the princess rides by, then call, "Close ranks!"



Your men seal off the street as the first of the rearguard come round the corner, pause a second, then draw their weapons. You turn to look down Ship Street – the front half of the cavalcade is still trotting calmly on.

You and four others swing your horses round as sword rings on sword behind you, and race down the street, catching up with the princess by an alley-way.

As you draw level, you and Hannuk reach over and haul her bodily out of the saddle, then lay her across your horse's shoulders.

Her screams bring the forward guard to a halt: they spin round, and you do too. The rest of the Resistance men have been cunningly giving ground to the princess' rearguard, and as you duck down the alley-way with the princess, they seal it behind you.

"Ride like the wind!" calls one of them. "We'll find you again!"

Turn to **55**.

173

You drop to the ground, and with spearmen on your heels you throw yourselves through the door – and right into the weapons of more Gothmoi. Within seconds you lie dead on the courtyard stones.

174

They stop abruptly when they see your face, then a commander calls, "It shall be death anyway for a Companion who shrinks his final duty!" They rush you, and soon every last drop of your blood spreads in a pool across the clam-shell mosaic.

175

You fail to reach the cord fast enough. You must now fight him to the death: he strikes the first blow, has a double-handed sword and mail and plate armour, 26 Strength Points, and Fencing Skill.

If you win, you can take his sword – remembering to mark it on your Adventure Chart and keep within your weapons limit – and turn to **50**.

176

Scrabbling in the bottom of the boat, your hands find the crossbow and quiver. You shoot bolt after bolt blindly in the direction of the Gothmoi until there are no bolts left.

There is a terrible silence for a minute, finally broken by the sound of approaching oars. You hear the swish of a descending Gothmoi sword before your head rolls in the bottom of the boat.

177

A lamp appears above your head on the end of a downstretched arm, at the end of which is Sebbra's face.

"You'd better try this one, and please – don't throw yourself into any more holes with it."

Scrambling to your feet, you just manage to reach it with an outstretched hand. Sebbra jumps down to join you.

Turn to **47.**

178

"You know," you say as the men fall silent, thinking of the ordeal ahead, "we could raise a lot of money out of this escapade, and without running much more of a risk than we'd be doing anyway!"

All faces turn towards you.

"Why don't we hold the princess to ransom once we've kidnapped her? Then we can get Luko to give us all the money we need."

"Fine," says someone, "except that he'll get his bride back again, and we'll be fighting every city state on the shores of the Great Ocean . . ."

"Not if we take the money but don't get round to handing back the princess," you say.

"Brilliant!" exclaims Hannuk. "After all, what've we got to lose?"

You suddenly notice the moonlight has dimmed, when one of the men whispers in awe: "Just look at that!" All eyes follow his outstretched arm and there, blotting out the moon, is the towering silhouette of a large galley under full sail, bearing towards Salos harbour.

No one needs telling whose ship it is. You gaze in wonder as it looms larger, then sweeps past. Glistening in the moonlight are the countless spears, shields and helmets of Gambard's guard: and high on the poop is the solitary figure of a young woman, long hair and white robe streaming in the sea breeze.

You cannot explain why, but above the beating of the waves, you think you can hear her weeping . . .

If you have done battle with Gothmoi on the waves, turn to **20.**

If not, turn to **93.**

179

"Lepers don't go around the streets in the company of healthy men, do they?" says Hannuk. "Grab a cloak from Flume, and cover yourself in it. We'll be press-ganging you if anyone asks!"

Suffocating me, more like, you say to yourself as the tavern-keeper slings a heavy cloak over your head and wraps it round you. (Mark the cloak on your Adventure Chart.)

If you are standing by horses, turn to **102.**

Otherwise, turn to **42.**

180

"Dare we run back and try getting into that passage before they catch up with us?" asks Sebbra.

"Do we have any choice?" You both scurry back, and reach the passage just as Arkian troopers spot you.

"There they go!" shouts one.

"Mind that hole!" shouts another.

You slip into the passage.

Turn to **50.**

181

Stepping through the doorway, you find you are on a platform running around the inside of some battlements, with the sea beyond.

"Oh, no!" you moan. "We must be in one of the harbour forts!" You lean over the parapet and see you are too high to jump, but not that high . . .

If you have a rope over your shoulder, turn to **10.**

If not, turn to **121.**

182

"Now," you order the smugglers, "bring those carts forward fast, and get one into each of those two passageways back there, with three of you behind each cart."

"But they're dead ends!" shouts one of the smugglers.

"That's right. You'll be safe there. Now, the cart farthest from the horsemen is Cart One. When I shout 'One', push it into the alley for all you're worth, then take cover till you've a chance to fight. The other cart is Two. Do just the same when I shout 'Two'.

"Now, the rest of us: we're the prey. We'll say hello to the Gothmoi, then run back here like lightning till we're past both carts. Let's go!"

You race off towards the Gothmoi, and sight them round the first bend: six of them, all forced into single file by the narrow alley. "Gothmoi!" you scream, "Run for it!" You all hurtle back with the din of quickening hoofbeats behind you, and pass both carts before an arrow zips past your head.

Safely round the bend, you peep back round the wall, watching the leading horse. "One!" you yell.

A cart trundles out into the alley just in front of the first guard – an archer. His horse rears wildly and throws him head first against the cart while his bow and arrow land at your feet and the other horsemen career into each other.

"Two!" you scream when the last horseman is in the trap. The smugglers waste no time in springing onto their carts and swinging their swords before the Gothmoi can bring their horses under control. You all join them, and five barbarians lie dead between the carts in as many seconds. But one spearman remains, still struggling with his mount: he is out of reach of all your weapons . . . and no one dares jump into the trap to try and fell him.

If you have Marksmanship Skill, and want to use it, turn to **63**.

If not, turn to **115**.

183

The two men lead you on down the tunnel, and eventually you see a pool of blue light ahead, and hear the sound of gushing water. A shaft with a ladder in it leads up to daylight.

"This's where a spring joins th'sewer," says one of the men in a whisper, "and it's as far as we take yer. Wash yourselves darn a bit first if y'want, then carry on darn th'tunnel till ya come to a door. It'll be open for sure."

"And what's wrong with the shaft?"

"Gothmoi waitin' by it – an' I doubt if they're friends o' yours. Or that nasty lookin' old fella who's orderin' 'em around. Anyway, 'ere's a lamp – see, y'get yer money's worth, don't yer?"

Almost too helpful, you think as the men turn to go back the way they came, and you hear a jangling sound in one of their pockets.

If you have Thieving Skill, and want to use it, turn to **14**.

If not, turn to **77**.

184

"Come on, Edrix, there's no time to lose!" hisses Hannuk as loud as he dare, but too late. Three Gothmoi guards burst into the courtyard, weapons drawn and mouths open, ready for a bit of bullying.

If you had to put aside the armour and spiked helmet of a Gothmoi guard to wear your rags, turn to **110**.

If not, turn to **25**.

185

"What do you think he's saying?" asks Sebbra.

"No idea," you reply. Then to the king: "I am Prince Edrix, son of Errian. This is Princess Sebbra, daughter of Gambard of Arkis. We mean you no harm. We are looking for a way to the sea, and those that follow us are our enemies."

The king looks on impassively, makes a gesture to the creatures nearest you, and you are led away.

No sooner are you out of the hall than the clammy hands are clamped over your eyes again, and you are bundled this way and that for what seems an age, creeping again through passages so narrow that you can only just squeeze through.

If you have already killed one of the creatures in an earlier encounter, turn to **217**.

Otherwise, turn to **129**.

186

"Let's relieve them of their heavy duties," you say. "Follow me, and act like Gothmoi!" You all march round the corner, and come to a ragged halt beside the Arkian troopers, Gothmoi-style.

"We've been ordered to relieve you – all your men are needed at the front. Princess' personal orders."

A frowning captain growls a bit, then says, "Stay here, men. I shall see whose orders these are!"

He stamps off alone – and you know your mission has failed. You all set upon the troopers with fiery zeal, but you are no match for their expert swordsmanship, and die before you reach the door.

187

You manage to open the lock, pull the door ajar, and are nearly overwhelmed by the stench of sewage. You peer through the gap, and make out the features of a dank wall opposite, and a walkway at your feet. Then you realise it is not your lamp you are seeing by, but another's.

You ease the door shut, and hear voices on the other side: "Should we check the doors, sir?" "No – straight on down the tunnel."

The voices pass. You wait, then open the door: no one in sight, but the wall turns a corner a few paces down the tunnel.

"Stay here a moment," you tell Sebbra, "I'll check it's all clear." You creep to the corner, and to your horror find yourself face to face with an Arkian trooper, crossbow over his shoulder, with no armour and 24 Strength Points. His crossbow counts for nothing, and you strike the first blow.

If you land this blow, turn to **82.**

If not, turn to **222.**

188

Striding through the backstreets, you keep an eye open for alley-ways to duck down in case you run into any Gothmoi guards.

Speak of the devil, you think to yourself as you round a corner to see a barbarian coming your way, torch spluttering. Your hand goes to the hilt of your dagger, and you notice a narrow alley-way beside you.

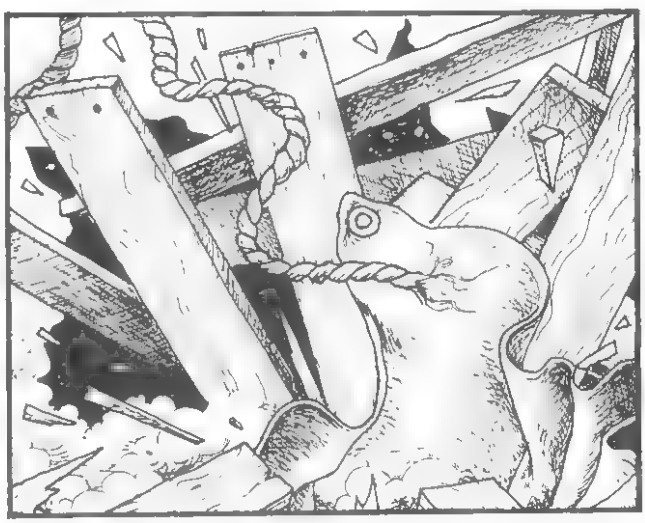
If you want to duck down the alley, turn to **108.**

If you decide to brazen it out, and walk right past him, turn to **61.**

189

One hefty blow with your blade cuts the rope, but the spearmen dive left and right as the crate crashes to the ground and lands between them.

Turn to **138.**



190

"Back to Luko's dynastic marriage," says Hannuk. "We've got to stop it, and we've very little time because Gambard's daughter is on her way to Salos by sea, and could be here any day now.

"So far, the only way we can think of stopping it is by kidnapping the princess when she gets here. It'll be a big slap in the eye for Luko, and Gambard is bound to call the whole thing off – he won't have his daughter marrying someone who can't even guarantee her safety in his own city.

"We can see three ways of doing it:

"We could steal aboard the great ship as soon as it arrives in the Royal Docks, and kidnap her before she even sets foot on land.

"We could ambush the royal procession as it leaves the docks and makes its way along Parade Street to the Temple of the Sea Goddess, where the princess is bound to stop off to give thanks for a safe voyage. Royals always do, after all, don't they?

"Or we could snatch her in the Temple itself."

You all debate the pros and cons of the three plans as your boat heaves on the night swell.

Striking on the ship itself is bound to mean killing some of the princess' own guards and servants, and no one knows what they would be like in a fight. Then you would all have to escape off the ship onto the quayside with the gods know how much opposition.

Pouncing on the procession in Parade Street would give you the chance to lose yourselves in the crowds, and escape down any number of alley-ways: though you could face many of Luko's guards this way.

Snatching the princess in the Temple would have the greatest element of surprise, and there might not be many guards in the Temple with her. But then, getting out might not be so easy.

At last Hannuk decides to put it to the vote.

Pick a number from the Table of Fortune:

If it is between 1 and 3, turn to **85.**

If it is between 4 and 7, turn to **21.**

If it is between 8 and 0, turn to **123.**

191

With difficulty you pick out the words: "All that lives cometh from the Sea; and through this Door to the Sea may return."

Turn to **40.**

192

"We've had precious little time to plan," says Hannuk when half a dozen reinforcements arrive, "but the night is our friend. Let's go now, and use the darkness to help us get aboard."

No one disagrees, and you all make ready to set off, the blood coursing fast in your veins.

If you have horses tethered outside the tavern, turn to **67.**

If not, turn to **11.**

193

You are just about to give the signal to your men when you have a better idea. Snatching up the spear, you tiptoe along the quayside to a mooring rope running from a bollard up to the poop deck. You clamber onto the bollard, take the spear's shaft in both hands for balance, step carefully down onto the rope, and start walking up it.

Not very tight for a tightrope, you think, but at least it's thicker . . .

You are half-way over when you notice the galley's stern is shifting slowly in to the quayside – and the rope is slackening. You try a quick burst to the top but in vain: the rope is too loose, and the angle too steep.

Your feet start slipping backwards down the ever-slackening rope: you drop the spear and throw yourself on the rope like a monkey, clinging to it with hands and legs, as the spear makes a faint splash below.

Turn to **35.**

194

You tumble out of the tavern, pick your way through yawning townsfolk and Gothmoi guards prodding them forward with their weapons, and soon reach the crossroads where Whale Street and Ship Street meet with Parade Street, which is already lined with an unwilling crowd.

"Barbarians everywhere," says Hannuk, sending two scouts off to check both ways along Parade Street. They come back with different stories – thick with Gothmoi between the docks and the crossroads, but hardly any from here up to the Temple.

"That's strange," says Hannuk. "Which way do you think we should go, Edrix?"

If you decide to lay your ambush nearer the docks, turn to **96.**

If you want to head up Parade Street nearer the Temple, turn to **135.**

195

You sense the princess is drawing breath to shout for help, and just stop yourself clamping her mouth shut with your hand. "Sssh!" you say. "We don't know who they are yet! Let's get back to that niche."

You hide in the cavity as two men approach:

"Empty too!"

"'Ardly surpisin'! *I'd* 've 'opped it if I farned out I was been buried dan 'ere! C'mon, let's get a move on."

Out of the niche you can see yellow light on the tunnel wall opposite. It grows brighter, and two men pass, holding lamps.

Not Gothmoi, you think, then aloud: "Help us, please!"

You step out of the niche to see the two men spin round, lamps held out: they both start shaking at the knees. The princess follows you, and one promptly faints.

"We're neither ghost nor angel of death," you say in your friendliest voice. "But we do need help . . ."

The man looks at the rope: "Who are you, then . . ."

"It's too long a story: where does this tunnel lead?"

"Straight into the deep blue sea."

"And a way out for us?"

The man looks you up and down, lingering on your hands and belt, starts kicking his companion with the side of his foot, and says:

"It'll cost yer five Ships."

If you have the money, and want to pay it, mark it off on your Adventure Chart and turn to **183.**

Otherwise, turn to **57.**

196

"Fearsome indeed is this Weapon," you say to them in High Tongue. "Faster even than Lightning, It will let fly Arrows of Iron to pierce the heaviest of Armour.

"But release your Prey, and there be no Reason that I use It."

Turn to **213.**

197

Summoning every ounce of strength you have left, you rid yourself of the dead weight of arms and haversack and, lungs pounding for breath, struggle up to the surface, spewing sea-water.

There are sounds of desperate retching around you: others are hanging on for their lives in the pitch-black canyon between galley and quayside. Your arms flail around, searching for the wall, then find it . . . but your clawing fingers can get no grip on the slimy sea-moss which covers every inch of it.

Then arrows start zipping into the water: your shoulder is hit, and your head slips under the water. Your clawing becomes ever slower as you sink lifeless to the bottom.

198

Slipping into the procession, you all follow the tide downhill. "Ah, such a great man!" you wail. "Oh, so sorely missed!" rejoins Hannuk.

You pass a turning, and your worst fears are realised: a group of Arkian troopers is climbing the hill to meet the procession. You tug on the rope and all hurry forward until you reach the tail end of the great deceased seafarer's family, all in black from head to toe.

"No further, if you don't mind," a lugubrious voice says in your ear, and you turn to see the stern faces of the two undertakers. Then you hear another voice behind you:

"Washar camin uffrada ba – demsa burri stranja kinna gar?"

If you have Gutter Speak, turn to **127.**

If not, you have a choice:

Do you push straight on through the mourners? If so, turn to **156.**

Do you keep your place, to stay on the right side of the undertakers? If so, turn to **51.**

199

"We cannot . . ." you say, thinking desperately on your feet. "Strict orders were to make the quayside and surrounding streets secure – you no doubt have the galley well covered. Just wanted to make our presence known."

Without waiting for an answer, you turn your men round and march back across the quay to the safety of the nearest lane.

"What was all that about?" asks Hannuk, clearly angry.

"I just sensed it might be a trap," you explain.

"Well, you'd better come up with something better – and quick!" he retorts.

"We really ought to try and scout that galley first," you say, "and I suppose it should be me."

"You bet!" say several men in unison.

You tell the others to wait until you return, and steal off through the lanes to approach the galley from the stern.

Spying round a corner, you notice there is now only one trooper by the gangplank, and at the stern a mooring rope leads from a massive bollard to the poop deck. You slip across the quay to the edge, then close in on the galley, all the while keeping the bollard between you and the sentry.

Peering round the bollard, you notice he has turned to face you: but after a minute or two, he turns away again. You slide out from cover, grab the mooring rope, and climb. You are nearly at the top when you sense there is someone watching you. You freeze . . .

Turn to **35.**

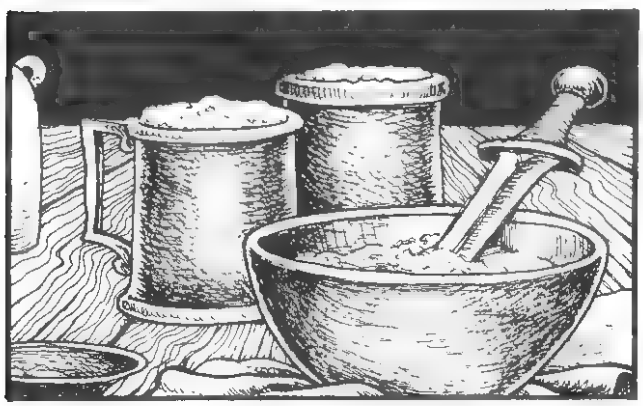
200

Flume comes in to wake you all, and you ask him for some beer and flour. "Sure," he says, in the tone tavern-keepers use when someone makes a lunatic order. "Oh, and some carrots if there's any left," you add, "lightly mashed. And a needle and thread!"

"By the gods, is that what princes have for breakfast?" asks Filk: then, when you start ripping a couple of sacks with your dagger, "The strain's definitely got to the poor fella."

"Give that lot to me," says Hannuk with a wink when you have a pile of rags in your hands. "Sewing's a job for a sailor." Flume is back with everything you need, and you sit down before an incredulous audience mixing beer, flour and mushy carrot in a bowl.

"Want to try it?" you ask Filk. "No, after you," he says, going pale. Disbelief turns to revulsion by the time you have climbed into your rags, and patted the mixture all over your face, neck and arms. (You must mark any armour off on your Adventure Chart, but can keep a dagger and sword, if you have them, under your rags.)



"Those sores look horrific!" says Hannuk, "I'll never see carrots in the same way again."

"You just wait till it dries," you warn him. "Peels and cracks beautifully, you know!"

Your comrades' groans are cut short as the door opens, and Blishett slips in: "Gothmoi coming!" he shouts. "They're shaking everyone out of their beds and herding them down to Parade Street!"

"Let's get out!" says Hannuk, and you tumble out of the cellar, knocking over a lamp on a pole that was leaning against the doorpost.

Do you take it off its pole and put it in your haversack? If so, turn to **69.**

Do you leave it where it lies, and hurry on? Turn to **184.**

201

Before long your lungs are screaming, your mouth opens to breathe in sea water, and you lash out with arms and legs, shaking off the creatures' grasp. Now you are flailing about in the dark on your own.

If you have Orientation Skill, turn to **59.**

If not, turn to **133.**

202

"There's only one thing left to try," says Sebbra gloomily. "Hold your dagger to my throat when they reach us, and see if we can force them back to that passage."

"I never wanted to do anything like that . . ." you say.

"Well, you don't have to use it, do you!"

As Arkian troopers come into the light of your lamp, you stand behind her, and put your dagger to her throat: "Go back, or she dies!" you call. Silence.

You tilt your head sideways to see what they are doing, and a crossbow bolt thuds into your forehead. You slump lifeless to the floor.

203

Scrabbling amongst the stonework, you discover no bones are broken, find the lamp, and light it again. Sebbra jumps down to join you.

Turn to **47.**

204

The archer looks up to the roof as you stand and level your bow. He spots you, spins round to aim, but your bolt rips through his armour before he can shoot, and he slumps to the ground.

Turn to **145.**

205

"What do we do now?" asks a bewildered Resistance man.

"Can we make it to Ship Street through the back-streets?" you ask Hannuk. He peeps round the corner of the alley:

"Too late – they've already turned into it."

You all stand in silence, thinking the same thought:

"Come on!" you call. "It's the Temple or nothing!"

Turn to **42.**

206

"Are you all right?" comes the voice of the princess out of the blackness.

"I think so . . . and you?"

"Yes thanks, as far as I can see – which is no farther than my eyelids."

Metallic scraping above your heads tells you that someone is trying to prise open the trapdoor.

If you have a tinder-box in your haversack, turn to **91.**

If not, turn to **125.**

207

"Quick, slide down the rope as fast as you can," you tell the men, "but use your weapons, not your hands!"

Four of you are down before the troopers realise what is happening. They come charging up the poop steps to stop you, and two brave comrades turn to fend them off while the rest of you escape. It is the last you see of them. As you gather on the quayside and sprint to the nearest lane, they are overpowered.

You all hurry back to the Galley Becalmed in solemn mood.

Turn to **39.**

208

"You're staying here while we wash," you say firmly, then realise washing is easier said than done with a dagger in one hand, and the other on a rope. The others can see your problem.

"And *you're* going to wash me down," you say to the man who demanded the money, keeping the dagger close to his throat. A few minutes later, you are standing a lot cleaner, if wetter, looking up at a circle of blue sky high above, and at an iron ladder which will take you up the shaft.

Dagger still at the man's throat, you ask the princess to untie you, then you help her untie herself.

"Stand back-to-back," you order the men, and use the rope to put them in a double gag.

Do you want to scale the ladder? If so, turn to **7.**

Do you decide to carry on down the tunnel? If so, turn to **160.**

209

Rushing down the steps, you reach the bottom, then run along a passageway till you come to a steel door. It is locked.

If you have a set of keys, or Thieving Skill, turn to **187.**

If not, turn to **70.**

210

Hacking your way down the tunnel with Sebbra behind, you soon realise there is no end to the undead: for each skeleton you disarm, its place is taken by another two. You are forced back to the chamber, and while you swing and slash at your immediate foes, Gothmoi and Arkian troopers with crossbows gaze down from the edge of the hole.

"A man of mettle indeed!" a trooper calls out.

"Now finish him off," hisses an altogether meaner voice.

"That is no worthy task for us, or any man," an Arkian trooper booms back.

But the Gothmoi think differently, and soon your corpse is being trampled by the endless march of fleshless feet.

211

As soon as you are on your feet you see more Gothmoi outside in the courtyard: you jump to the next pile of bales, where there is another ladder leading to an upper platform, and notice as you land that the end of the rope which you have cut is at your feet.

If you want, you can haul up as much rope as possible, cut it free from the crate, and carry it over your shoulder: but you must abandon your haversack to do so. (Mark all this on your Adventure Chart).

You both scurry up the ladder then turn and haul it up behind you, and drop it on the platform.

Do you slip out of the open doorway beside you? If so, turn to **181.**

Do you run down the ramp to escape through the double doors? If so, turn to **221.**

212

You hurry down the cobbles, but the princess yells, "Slow down – you can't expect me to keep up with these wretched shoes they've put me in!"

Easing the pace, you carry on past a turning, but see the troopers in it too late. They give chase, and you flee down the slope – but not for long. Out of a gateway in front of you spring more troopers: you are trapped.

The first swing of an Arkian sword severs the rope tying the princess' wrist to yours, and she is bundled to safety. The next is but one of many that, despite your fierce resistance, fell you all to the ground in an ever-growing stream of blood.

213

Much murmuring goes on between Sebbra's captors, then they let go of her and creep off down the tunnel, casting the odd backward glance in your direction.

"What did you say to them?" asks Sebbra.

"Oh, just brought them up to date on the latest in weaponry," you reply.

If you want to keep the crossbow and bolt, mark them on your Adventure Chart, remembering to keep within your weapon limit.

Turn to **161.**

214

You all hurry on down the narrow alley, passing one turning that ends in a wall, then after a few yards another turning just like the first. Rounding a slight bend, you run straight into a cart brim-full with bales of wool and blocking your way. Beyond it you can just make out the dark shapes of three stout men pushing it, and behind them another cart, every bit as big as the first.

"Get out of our path or we'll run you down," spits a menacing voice from the gloom beyond the cart. He wastes no time putting his threat into practice: the cart starts rolling you back, and you hear the sound of swords sliding from their scabbards.

"Push back, men!" you call. As you heave against the cart, you find it surprisingly heavy for a load of wool, and think you can smell a whiff of brandy. You grab a wheel, and find the rim has cloth wrapped round it. Smugglers, you realise.

If you have Persuasion Skill, and want to use it, turn to **114.**

If not, turn to **37.**

215

You realise you are hidden from view by the corpse you are still straining to hold up with your dagger.

"Nothing to worry about, sir!" you call out in a poor imitation of an Arkian voice. "Just two drunken sailors who've fallen into the dock."

There is silence for a moment while you wonder what to do, but your doubts are soon dispelled: troopers come running down the gangplank, and you turn tail and race back to the nearest alley-way, dodging this way and that till you find the rest of the Resistance.

"Blown it!" you call. "Back to the hide-out!"

You all race off through the cobbled streets, and shake off your pursuers.

Turn to **39.**

216

You set off for the corner of the Temple, and the others follow grudgingly. A quick look along the side shows the Arkian troopers in relaxed mood.

If you are wearing the spiked helmet of a Gothmoi guard, turn to **186.**

If not, turn to **150.**

217

Suddenly you feel rough rock underfoot, the hands are taken from your face, and you are pushed forward down a hole in the rock. You land on shingle, dimly lit by daylight. Sebbra lands beside you.

Looking around, you see you are standing on a miniature shore by a sea-water pond in a cave. The hole you must have fallen through is above you, far out of reach. Higher still, blue sky shows through what must be a blow-hole. You both walk around the cave walls, looking for a way out. There is none.

"Perhaps under the water . . ." you say, wading in, but you have not gone far before two glistening globes rise out of the water in front of you.

"They're on stalks! Get back!" screams Sebbra. But before you can turn, two enormous claws break through the water and snatch you up. The last thing you ever see is the widening jaws of a gigantic crab.

218

Once he has passed, you lean out to look down the street again. At last, you can see the white robe of the princess, through the forward guard of Arkian troopers, as she jogs up and down on her horse.

You grip your weapon: the princess draws nearer, then your eyes open wide in disbelief as she and her guard wheel into Ship Street, and vanish from view.

"Quick! After them!" you shout: your men spring from the crowd and sprint to the crossroads.

None of you gets far: Gothmoi pour out of the houses on either side, and a group of barbarian horsemen bar your way ahead. The crowd have missed the princess, but their consolation is watching a massacre. Within a minute, you all lie cut to pieces in the dust.

219

The magician disappears from your view, and the workmen follow him: "Call this lot off or your die!" screams one of them.

"Never!" bellows the magician. A sound as of painful gurgling follows, and the two men reappear, daggers dripping blood, and face the undead.

"I think we have no choice but to help them out," says Sebbra, casting an anxious look over her shoulder.

Turn to **164.**

220

"Get the keys out of my haversack!" you yell. The princess rummages for a second, then presses them firmly into your hand.

You try one key, then another, and the third one unlocks the door.

Turn to **79.**

221

You reach the doors to find they are locked. You spin round to see Gothmoi spearmen treading slowly towards you – and before long you die, impaled on the doors behind you.

222

The man lets out a roar for help, and hurls you into the sewer before you can strike another blow. Your hands search desperately for the side of the walkway, but a bolt pierces your lungs, and you sink drowning into the slime.

223

The cutter draws alongside, troopers standing in the bow.

"Let these good people go their way – they have saved my life," Sebbra calls to the captain. "Now take me back to the galley, and set full sail for Arkis."

Sheets of rain begin to fall on the waves as the cutter moves off. Hannuk is shouting something, and everyone rowing frantically for some reason, but you take no notice, and just gaze at a face turned towards you as it gets smaller and smaller . . .

Suddenly you realise there are fishing boats all around you. "Are you with us now, Edrix?" says Hannuk with a smile. "You've just missed one of the finer points of my plan, you know. Gothmoi were after us in cutters, but now they don't know which boat we're in, thanks to all the fishermen of Salos.

"And I'll tell you another thing: I think you'll be seeing that face again before too long."

Here ends the second Adventure of the Prince of Shadows.

CHALK AND KERRIGAN

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TWO

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